

DRUMMER

A muscular man is the central figure, posing in a police uniform. He is shirtless, wearing a dark blue helmet with a silver stripe, dark sunglasses, and a white chin strap. His arms are raised behind his head. He wears a black tactical vest with a silver buckle and a black belt with a large silver buckle. A pair of handcuffs is attached to his belt. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

395

COPS
LAW 'N ORDER
ISSUE

ISSUE 62

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LATE HOURS,
ODDBALL DIETS
CAN TAKE
THEIR TOLL—
EVEN WITH
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24⁹⁵
**BIG
DEAL!**

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



GETTING OFF

Leather men seem to be fascinated by police. If someone walks into a leather bar with an anywhere near accurate version of the uniform of one of the more militaristic police departments, half the studs are down on their knees, tongues hanging out, waiting to be dominated or "arrested" and loving it. When we were shooting "Down in the Basement of the Station House" sequence in the old Quarters setting this month, one of our friends (the 'fluffer') virtually had to be restrained to keep him from running up and joining the action. Finally we had the two 'cops' give him a strip-search to cool him off. Amazing.

Another, though less popular, turn-on for uniform lovers are the forty-some year old Nazi German outfits that created fear and loathing around the world during the Holocaust. The closer one was to the actual SS troops, the more the fear and loathing.

But there is a fascination with at least the trappings of these two bastions of macho arrogance, and we feel it is merely the trappings. Gays have suffered more at the hands of the police departments AND the Nazis than virtually any other group, with the exception of European Jews, of course, in the case of the Nazis.

Why emulate your persecutors? Who knows? Gays seem to be strong on military uniforms as well, although they, like their hetero brothers, are not particularly fond of servitude in the Army, Navy or Marines. And Lord knows the military is as archaically homophobic as any organization could be. But everyone owns pieces of those uniforms. Perhaps it is the soldiers, sailors and marines that attract. □

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Cover and opposite page: Your local neighborhood officer, off duty, waiting for his next assignment. Photo by Jim Wigler.

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

VAL'S BOOTS

Your issue (*Drummer* No. 60) all about Val and his house slave was terrific. Photography was just great. I enjoy *Drummer* and hope every future issue is as good.

I would like to know where Val got his boots, or where he had them made. I have always wanted a pair like his.

B.D.M.

East Hanover, NJ

(Editor's Note: We'll ask him.)

SUPER PIERCED

I read *Drummer* all the time and one of the best articles was in *Drummer* No. 60, "Pierced, Shaved & Tattooed." It was very informative and a real turn-on. That photo of the bejeweled cock was just beautiful. I hope we can see a picture of the whole guy; he should be very proud.

I've pierced both ears, both my tits, and my cock. But now I've seen what really can be done! I want more!

Drummer keeps coming up with the most bold and daring subjects. You're just great! You've made my day!

D. Webber

Chicago, IL

(Editor's Note: You've made our day, as well! You'll be able to see much more in the way of cock and body piercings and tattoos when we release *Shaved, Pierced & Tattooed* on the world later this year. Keep watching for an announcement.)

CIRCUMCISION

Several issues back some guy in New Orleans suggested you do a photo story on a circumcision. I second his motion.

A few years ago QQ magazine did a story and pictures on infant circumcision, showing just how the job is done for an infant. I got myself cut as an adult, but was so scared it was going to be painful I couldn't watch the doctor very well. Actually it wasn't painful at all. I wish now I had taken some pictures of my uncut dick before and then after it was trimmed. I think a lot of guys would enjoy reading and seeing pictures of the operation on an adult or late adolescent. Surely you can find a doctor who would allow you to photograph the whole process. I suggest it be in color so others can see how little bleeding is involved. I was surprised to find out how little I bled during the operation, which was done in the doctor's office. I had heard stories of how painful it was after-

ward, but this proved to be untrue also. I like the results. I have had good sex before it was cut, and even better now. Some guys should keep their skins if they want to, and some should get them off if they want to. It should be up to a guy's own choice once he is a late adolescent or adult. The feelings are definitely different after being trimmed. Some ways better, and some ways just so-so. It is harder to jack off without a skin, but it lasts so much longer before coming that any loss of sensation in the head is more than made up in longer pleasure. A blow job is definitely better now.

It is possible some other guys would like to compare notes on our circumcisions. Maybe you could arrange a meeting where cuts could get together and discuss the results and even share experiences with guys considering getting themselves cut. Are there others who would like to correspond about this subject which seems to be more interesting to more people than I realized?

R. Wilson

MAN OF THE DECADE

The January issue (*Drummer* No. 60) was the best for a long time, and you can attribute its quality to Val Martin (and Jim Wigler's incredible photos of him). I'm one of those guys who gets off more on drawings than photographs (if I can't have the real thing at the moment)—it's one of the reasons Bill Ward's "Drum" is such a hit with me.

Let me be the first to officially nominate Val as *Drummer* Man of the Decade. He's far and away the hottest male ever to grace your pages. Shit! Who needs Al Parker?

Rand B. Lee

Key West, FL

I NEVER KNEW...

I never knew such a magazine existed! Your photos, articles and outlook are great! I first bought your magazine by chance, and have been reading it each issue ever since. In fact, *Drummer* is Number One with me!

I read your special issue, *Drummer Daddies (In Search of Older Men)* and I can't get one of the guys out of my mind. The one on the back page, wearing a helmet. Can we see more of him?

Drummer, thanks for being what you are!

J.D.R.

Bronx, NY

THE IRON MAIDEN

I just want to say a word of thanks to you guys for the trouble you take in getting the magazine past our customs and prying postal officials. Because of what you do all the copies are arriving—some only take six days. As we have nothing as good as *Drummer* in this country, you can imagine how pleased we are to get it.

Name and address
withheld by request

...STRIKES AGAIN!

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed seizure order. It is not worth me proceeding with any claim as a reliable solicitor has confirmed my belief that any magistrate's court would indeed, unfortunately, uphold the commissioner's view.

I recently received issue No. 59 of *Drummer* and have never previously had any 'interruption of service.' Keep up the good work and good luck!

Name and address
withheld by request

(Editor's Note: You can probably figure out which country both of these readers are talking about, where laws had only in the last few years been liberalized enough to bring them into the modern age. However, a stunning setback has occurred, and even magazines that contain run-of-the-mill frontal male nudes may not be sold in public and may be confiscated by customs when discovered. *Drummer* finds all censorship laws repugnant and any attempt to regulate what interested adults may view or read as only one small step away from legislating what they may think. We think it is imperative that all of us resist such attempts.)

THREE TIMES...

When I received *Drummer* 60 I read *The Net* by Frank O'Rourke three times. What a trip that is! I am ready to head for San Francisco, to Ringold Alley, to look for a tall blond dude driving a silver-grey van. Will the story continue? I would be interested in reading about "the whole course." Keep up the good work!

Big Ed
Rhinebeck, NY

(Editor's Note: Some things are better left to the reader's imagination—like "the whole course." *The Net* was printed in its complete form. Try writing your own sequel. But be sure and

let us know how it comes out.)

FAMOUS FORESKINS

Victor Mature had a large cock and a long foreskin, as can be seen in nude photos taken in the 1940s. Marlon Brando had foreskin, but not too much cock, according to *Breakfast With Brando* by his former wife Anna Krafti.

An interesting political note: Jimmy Carter, from a recent newspaper report, was the first U.S. President to be born in a hospital, which means that probably most of the other presidents sported an uncut cock.

Harry
Honolulu, HI

OCTOBERFEST '83

Things are coming together for *Drummer's* special trip to Munich for Octoberfest 1983. This annual German event draws leathermen from all over the world, and the 1983 Octoberfest looks to be the hottest in history. The winner of the Mr. Drummer 1983 title (the contest, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, has its finals in June in San Francisco) will lead an exclusive group of no more than 75 American leathermen to Munich for a week. While there, they will be invited guests to the Munchen Lowen Club's annual convention, a European leather event rivaled only by The Baltic Battles of Scandinavia for prestige and excitement. In fact, you'll see a lot of Scandinavian leathermen at Octoberfest.

The *Drummer* tour will include flights from the West and East Coasts, attend special parties being hosted by Munich's top leather establishments, a night at a European sauna completely taken over by leathermen, Octoberfest events, city tours of Munich, plus side trips to some of the more spectacular places around Munich. The tour will include transfers, airfare and accommodation, and a large selection of special events for leathermen. Munich leather organizations are planning to make this a visit *Drummer's* leathermen will never forget, and additional information will be made available in the near future.

If you are interested in joining Mr. Drummer 1983 and the *Drummer* Octoberfest '83 Tour, it isn't too early to apply. This limited group will sell out fast. Send your name and address to: Drummer Octoberfest '83, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 and we'll put you on the mailing list to receive the prospectus and application. Do it today, or you'll be kicking yourself in the ass in October! □

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TO THE CLUB!



COPS!

Show me a man in blue serge and I'll get down on my knees, crawl across the floor, lick his boots, lick his crotch, eat his ass, suck off his night stick, polish his patrol car... anything. I'll even say "Yes, Sir!" when I don't say "yes" or "Sir" to anyone.

What is it about cops that turns me on? What is it about a man in blue serge with a night stick and a gun and an attitude and a foul reputation and a chubby wifey out in the suburbs that makes my dick hard?

It all started when I was twenty, naive, sucking cock in Griffith Park. I wasn't very cautious, and later the officer told me that I had probably wanted to get caught. Bullshit!

The guy I was blowing took off down the hillside. But he was standing and I was on my knees in the dirt, surprised when he yanked his cock out of my mouth and took off. I didn't even see the cop until I turned around and glanced over my shoulder.

He must have been 6'2", at least. Of course, when you're on your knees, anyone standing over you looks big as the Empire State Building. He didn't say a word, just stood there, arms folded across his chest, night stick gripped in one hand, glaring down at me from under the bill of his cap.

"Don't move!"

I didn't. It suddenly got so fucking quiet that I could hear how quiet it was— not even a bird chirping.

"What were you doing?"

I didn't say a word. I remembered you didn't have to say anything, that the police couldn't force you to say anything, that keeping your mouth shut was the best possible thing to do in a situation like this. My mouth was open, my jaw hanging down, wondering what kind of body and balls were under those trousers, but I didn't say a word.

"You were copping that guy's joint, weren't you?"

I didn't reply. But I did look at the muscles in his beefy, hairy forearms tense and relax. And I moved my gaze down to his belt, to his holster and gun, to his fly— that straight, crisp, flat, fly-

BY WOLFGANG VOX

front that police pants have— ending at the junction of the inside seams under his balls. His fly was anything but flat. A round grapefruit-like mound made the fly-front curve outwards. I rested my eyes on that mound.

"You were sucking his dick, weren't you— you little cocksucker!" His voice raised, almost barking out the sentence. "You were swallowing his joint, eating his meat, licking his tool—"

I was speechless. He was getting some sort of satisfaction out of this string of descriptions, and it was having no little effect on the bulge in his crotch. He unfolded his arms and pointed his night stick under my chin, using the blunt end

"He wanted to shove his night stick up my ass... he'd arrest me if I said no."

of the wooden shaft to raise my face up to meet his gaze. "I can still see his gism on your lips, cocksucker!" That wasn't really true, because the guy I was blowing hadn't come. "He shot his load down your throat, didn't he, you little cocksucking scumbag!"

There was no doubt about it; his crotch was growing, the mound turning into a mountain under his blue serge.

He took one step toward me, his night stick now aimed and pressing into my chest. "I bet you suck a lot of dicks, don't you, cocksucker? I bet you suck dicks all day, don't you? Huh?"

I was beginning to tremble and I was very afraid. He may have looked like he was getting turned on, but something else in his head was clicking, some little

door was opening, and I had to wonder if a maniac might not jump out.

"You come up here and get on your knees and let men fuck your mouth, don't you, punk! You let men shove their dicks in your mouth and you swallow their loads, huh? You know you do, cocksucker. Don't you?"

I thought about just slightly nodding my head, to see if that might satisfy him, but he was rolling along with one sentence after another.

"Do you drink their piss, too, cocksucker? Do you let men piss in your mouth after you suck them off? Is that what you do, piss drinker? Are you some sort of come and piss slave, sitting up here all day drinking from dicks?"

I was getting hard now, and the head of my dick stuck out of the fly of my jeans and he saw it, red, aching, the foreskin slipped back over the head. Under any other circumstance, I would have wrapped my fist around it and stroked myself into a blissful climax.

"Yeah, cocksucker, that's what you do, that's it. Your dick gave you away. Just thinking about it excites you, doesn't it? Sucking all those dicks and eating those loads. You fucking little pervert, you'd do anything with your mouth, wouldn't you? You'd fucking suck me off right now, if I let you."

He was right.

"You'd eat my cock and swallow my come right now, huh? Well, you can just forget it, cocksucker, I'm not gonna let any man swing on my joint, you got that?"

My erection started to go down. He noticed that too.

"Why you little dick-licking asshole! You really did want to suck my dick, didn't you? You'd suck me off right here, wouldn't you? What else would you do, huh? Take it up the ass? Would you like my dick up your ass? You'd like that... my big man's cock pumping your ass, huh?"

My dick got hard again.

His dick must have been hard; there was a tent in front of his pants sticking straight out. He ran his night stick over my shoulder, walked around me and

OFFICER STEVE BERRY AIRS HIS BICEPS...



shoved the end of it down the back of my jeans.

"How about my stick? You want this stick up your ass, fucker? Huh? You want me to shove this up your ass, too? Stand up!"

I didn't move.

"I said stand up, cocksucker!"

I scrambled to my feet and started to turn around.

"Stay where you are! Now drop your pants, dick-licker, and bend over."

I hesitated for a minute.

"If you don't fucking do what I say, I'm gonna take your ass down to the police station and when I get through with you you'll wish you had! Now drop those pants and grab your ankles! Now!"

I unsnapped my jeans, shucked them down over my thighs and bent over, my ass exposed and my hands palms down on the ground in front of me for support.

I felt the end of the night stick against my asshole.

"You got grease on your ass, cocksucker. You were expecting to get your ass fucked up here, weren't you?"

The end of the night stick forced its way into my rectum and I relaxed the muscles of my ass to accommodate it. He slowly shoved it in until I could feel the night stick hit the turn in my rectum. He could feel it too, because he stopped shoving.

"You must've taken nine inches of that! If you can take that much, you can take my dick, too, because that's how big it is, cocksucker. What do you think about that, huh? How would you like my nine inches up your ass instead of this stick? You'd like it, wouldn't you?"

I dared it. "Yes."

"What did you say?"

"Yes."

"When you talk to an officer of the law, you say 'Yes, Sir!'; you got that, scumbag?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Would you like my nine inches plowing your ass?"

"Yes, Sir!"

My own dick was bobbing up and down as he started working the night stick in and out of my rectum, pulling it out a few inches before plunging it back in.

"You'll never get it, cocksucker. Do you hear? You'll never get my dick up your ass! You're not the first cocksucker who wanted me to plow their guts with this pole, you know that? No, sir... plenty of guys would eat shit to get this meat! There was a young recruit when we were in the police academy who said he would do anything, give

OFFICER RAKE SKOTT AIRS HIS BALLS...

me anything, just to feel my dick up his butt—he even offered to let me fuck his wife if I'd fuck him afterwards, my cock all lubricated with her pussy-juice. He told me he'd let me fuck her and then he'd eat my come out of her snatch while I watched...anything I wanted; he'd let me fuck her in the ass! And he had a hot little bottom, let me tell you—But he never got my dick. That cocksucker never got my dick up his ass, and you won't get it either, cocksucker!"

"You'll do anything, won't you, cocksucker?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You'll lick my boots with your tongue, won't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You'll lick my dirty asshole, won't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You'll beg me to whip your ass with my belt, won't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

All the time, he stroked my insides with his night stick.

"You cocksucking little worm!" He yanked the night stick out, stepped around in front of me, and shoved the end of it against my mouth. "Clean it off, dick-licker! Clean that shit off my stick!"

There wasn't really any shit on it, just the juices from my greased asshole, but I opened my mouth and began to tongue the hard, brown wooden shaft.

"Get all that slime off my stick, asshole, or I'll beat your ass off!"

I lovingly cleaned up and down the shaft, hoping that he might be excited, as I was, by the wet strokes my tongue made against the wood. He reached down and grabbed the tail of my t-shirt in his gloved hand, wrapped some of the cloth around the base of his night stick, and finished erasing the grease and spit.

"Now close your eyes, asshole!"

I did. I heard him unzip the fly of his pants.

"You're lucky I don't run you in, cocksucker. Up here sucking cock in the park. You should know better. Up here eating come from strange men, sucking dicks, getting fucked in the ass where everybody can see you, you little turd! You wanted to get caught!"

I felt his come splash against my face at the same time I heard his moan deep in his chest.

Then silence.

And I sat there, the come running down my cheek, for a long time. When I opened my eyes, he was gone.

Afterwards, it dawned on me that I hadn't thought of checking out his badge number. And I never got to see his dick. □

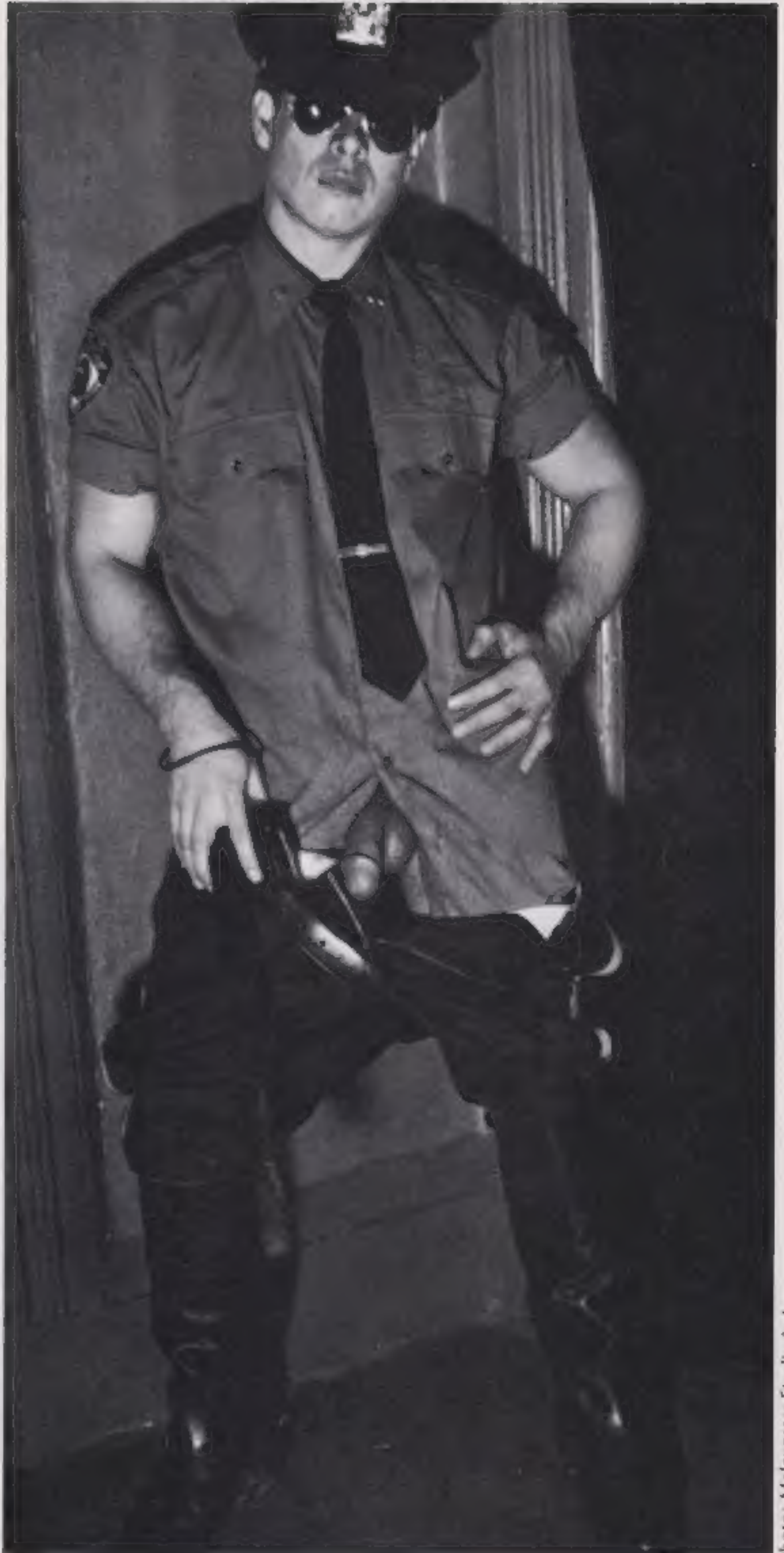


Photo: Malexpress Studio Ltd.



The allure of the policeman is felt all over the world. Some cops are sex objects because it's the only uniform in town. Some are legendary lovers, powerful ass-plowers (like the Greek police), noted for their foreskins (like the French, the Dutch, the Swedes, and the Germans), noted for their cruelty (like the French, the Russians, the Chinese, the Iranians), noted for their stupidity (fill in your own blanks). Here is a brief sample of the who, what, where,

and why of the man with the night stick, the badge and the gun...

BEST COP NOVELS/ACTION

Joseph Wambaugh, himself an L.A.P.D. veteran, still writes the best (if more than somewhat homophobic) police action novels. His offensive first book, *The New Centurians*, ripped the lid off the police academy syndrome (one goes in a man and comes out an asshole); *The Blue Knight* is one of the finest portraits

COPM

of an older policeman ever written; *The Choir Boys* was Wambaugh's attempt to rectify the homophobia of his first two books (*Choir Boys* contains a sympathetic homosexual character who is killed by the L.A.P.D. without cause); but he was back in the saddle again with *The Onion Field*, where a pseudo-homosexual and his running buddy kill a policeman—Wambaugh pounded away at the homosexuality of a major character despite the fact that it was of no consequence to the story.

BEST COP NOVELS/PROCEDURAL

Per Wahloo and Maj Sjöwall wrote ten novels centered around the life of a Swedish police detective named Martin Beck that are unquestionably the finest police procedurals ever written. *The Laughing Policeman*, *The Man on the Roof*, and *Cop Killer* have all been made into films, and all ten of the Martin Beck Books have been translated into English (they are international best sellers and stay in print). Through Martin Beck the reader learns everything he's ever



ANIA!

wanted to know about a police station and how it works but, even more remarkably, by the tenth book the reader has shared a lifetime with a policeman and come away with a profound understanding of the occupation. One of the books even brings Beck in touch with an American counterpart—although Wahloo and Sjowall never visited America. A husband and wife writing team, each has also published non-Martin Beck books independently. Per Wahloo recently died.

BEST COP MOVIES

Hustle (with Burt Reynolds) and *Prince of the City* (with Treat Williams)

UGLIEST COPS

Los Angeles Police Department

MOST POLITE COPS

West Germany and Great Britain

SEXIEST COPS

The French

BEST DRESSED COPS

The French

HORNIEST COPS

The Mexican Police

MOST VIOLENT COPS

The Los Angeles Police Department (The L.A.P.D. are so feared, Joseph Wambaugh once said, that a drunk, at 4 AM on a deserted street, will not walk against the light)

COP FOODS

Breakfast: Coffee (black), Toast (dry) best eaten at places like Tiny Naylor's (Hollywood) or The Juice Bar (New York)

Lunch: Hot Dog with relish and mustard, coffee, best at Pink's (Los Angeles) or Nathan's (New York)

Lunch 2: Taco (no hot sauce) soft drink best at Taco Bell (California) or Jack in the Box (elsewhere)

Lunch 3: Donuts (regular glazed) and coffee (no sugar), best at Winchell's (Nationwide)

Dinner: Pot Roast with boiled vegetables (at home), Meat Loaf with baked vegetables (at home), T-Bone Steak and baked potato with sour cream and chives (on the cuff when pulling night duty)

Midnight Snack: Donuts (regular glazed) and coffee at Winchell's (nationwide). □





Ltienne

A COP'S LAMENT

BY ANONYMOUS

"Do you have any idea what it's like, waking up every morning with an eight inch cock being shoved into your mouth? That's been my first look at the new day every morning for the past four months, and there is no sign that things will change for some time to come. Half asleep, with or without a hangover, whether I want it or not, I have to suck off an eighteen-year old boy who sleeps in the room next to mine. Why? Well, get ready for this one... because I'm a cop! That's right. I'm a 30 year old motorcycle cop who was caught by this punk kid while smelling and licking my boots and whacking off while doing it. He somehow managed to get the whole thing on film—moving pictures, no less, and a few other little pleasures I'd worked out for times when I thought I was a one

The next thing I knew, he was telling me that he knew I was queer and that he and his buddies would make good use of the knowledge... mostly, it turned out, use of my mouth and ass and once in a while my cock. These kids are sex crazy and get a big bang out of making me go through the most degrading paces while wearing my policeman's boots, hat and jacket. You'll never know what it feels like to be stark naked except for these three items of black leather, and stand or kneel there in your own bedroom at the mercy of as many as ten surly high school boys garbed in Levis, boots, sneakers, leather jackets, dirty jockey shorts or jockstraps, sweat shirts or high school sweaters. The mocking look on their faces as they watch a grown man suck the dirty little ass of one of their friends. Some of them like to sit on the toilet and take a shit while I have to blow their peckers until they come... come in what seems buckets down my throat.

The load I got this morning from the leader... I thought would blow the back off my head! There isn't a thing I could do about it. I knew that if I refused they'd turn me in. My ass is sore as hell all of the time from the endless fuckings. During the day on my cycle I just about pass out every time I hit a bump. I don't care how much anyone likes to be screwed, laying there on your belly,

nude except for the leather policeman's jacket and a pair of boots and being fucked up the ass by one after another of those big-dicked adolescents is more than I can take. Maybe having six different size cocks up your ass and pumped one after another sounds great, but while the fourth or fifth one is banging me unmercifully, the first or second guys start getting hot again watching, and the whole thing starts all over again.

"I rented this room from his parents, who know nothing about any of the goings on up here. He's got me to the point now that on weekends, when they usually go away, I have to do all his chores like a fuckin' slave! The only rest I get, if you can call it that, is the few times during the day that I'm bending over scrubbing the floors and he gets a hard on looking at my bare ass. Then I'm fucked right there on my knees, dog fashion. I've got to wash out all his socks, shirts, and underwear, which are plenty dirty, since kids that age think it's sissy to wear deodorants. Usually he shoves something like a pair of sweaty shorts in my face and makes me smell them and tell him how much I like to inhale his body and crotch odor. One of his pals, Steve, who is a tall, hairy kid with a long, uncircumcized prick and long black sideburns, brought over a huge brute the other night. The kid doesn't go to school because he's retarded, but only mentally. Physically, he's developed far beyond any of the others. I had to tongue-bathe this big, sexy-looking imbecile, who's about 18, while they watched and called out instructions like 'Suck on that stinking asshole, bastard' and 'Clean out that foreskin, you dirty cocksucker!' and 'Lick those smelly feet, you queer fucker!'

"When I got back to the station house after duty this afternoon, I'd had a call from Don. I called him back and he told me that he and three buddies had gotten a ticket for speeding in a hot rod, and that I had better get home right away and be prepared for the worst. I knew without asking that I would get the same treatment they gave me once before when one of them got a ticket for jaywalking. Even though I had nothing to do with it, they held me responsible, since I'm a cop. I'm going to be taken

down to the cellar while his parents are out bowling, have every stitch of clothes except my police boots taken off and be whipped across my bare ass with my own heavy police belt. The shame of being spanked by a bunch of rough kids ten years my junior is horrible! If they manage to get some beer, they may even hold another piss session. Those big, dirty-yellow young joints jammed down my throat, and my having to swallow every drop of urine is awful! I was told also, in no uncertain terms, to bring my motorcycle home with me, as I would be tied across it with my ass sticking up... making a good target for my own belt. Afterwards, they'd take turns sitting bare-assed on the cycle and making me start licking at their toes and up slowly to their crotches, where I have to finally suck their smelly balls and pricks while they wear nothing except their jackets and my police helmet or cap.

"If they have trouble buying beer, I'll be sent out for it, and even have to pay for it with my own money. This, they feel is fair, because I get the whole case back the same evening in the form of their piss.

"The main thing that bothers me about this is that someone may find out. Don keeps bringing home new guys all the time and it worries me that someone will talk about the cop 'cocksucker.' The rest is wild and very sexy—if there was just a little less of it. I have time for nothing else. Whenever I'm not on duty, I'm with the gang, doing something humiliating at their command. Don got me out of bed the other night at midnight and pushed me into a bath we share. There was his shit in the tub. He told me that is where he's going to shit from now on and it would be my duty to clean it up. I was afraid even to complain lest he shove my face into it, which he threatened to do if I so much as whimpered.

"I pretend to all of them that it is all distasteful to me, but Don at least knows better. He found out last week that instead of washing his socks and underwear when they're dirty, I put them on and wear them on duty. I've got a constant hard on thinking that my skin is next to where his big teenage prick balls, and ass were..."



COPS ARE THE FRONT LINE HELP!

WHY DO THEY PISS AWAY THEIR AND SAFETY ON PREJUDICIAL

Two able-bodied police
men cover a gay
person's naked body by taking
photos of him. The
police are the A.P.D.
Photo by Pat Roun

If you are expecting an anti-cop article here, read no further. I, for one, have a great deal of respect for police departments as an institution, imperfect though they may be. The men employed therein put their lives on the line all too often and whatever they are paid isn't near enough. They are the first line and the last defense against the corrupt and violent men that plague our society in greater and greater numbers. Although individual attitudes could show improvement, the rank and file of policemen is not what the growing beef is against. The question in the public's mind is what is this gigantic, well-trained, well-equipped, for the most part, well-paid army doing about the growing tide of violence and crime. Why isn't it using all the resources available to it and why is it going out in all directions, many times enforcing only the laws it likes against only the people it doesn't like?

Crime in America is making big headlines all across the nation these days. In fact, ABC, after boring us beyond endurance with "Winds of War", is devoting a like time to "Crime in America." The right-wingers are making much of crime in the streets, renewing their time-worn cry for rougher laws, harsher sentences and more police. Screw the libraries, social programs and schools, they want someone manning shotgun on every corner. The Reagan administration plans to use the crime menace to lay something approaching marshall law on the country, particularly directed at activities and institutions of which they disapprove.

When one thinks of crime, one thinks of cops. Where is our first line of defense against the criminal element and what is it doing to defend us? Whatever is being done in major cities and minor hamlets, it seems to be woefully inadequate. America is locking itself in Doors that were never latched in

bygone days are now dead-bolted and double locked even during the day. Shopkeepers have bars across show windows and formerly fashionable shopping areas begin to look like rows of barred pawn shops.

Little mamma-pappa candy stores in genteel neighborhoods like Whitshire's "Miracle Mile" get knocked over; the middle-aged owner who has been in business there for forty years gets shot to death. His widow closes the business because she is afraid to work there alone. It is happening everywhere.

And who does America turn to to protect itself from the armies of vicious punks, the dopers, the losers that plague our businesses, our homes and schools with theft, vandalism, robbery, burglary, rape and senseless violence? Not who do we blame but who do we call for help? You guessed it, the Police.

I shall use the city of Los Angeles as an example for a number of reasons, the best one being that I am most acquainted with it. It has more area, more police, more money to spend on protection and certainly as many problems as any major city across the country, probably including New York City.

I remember waiting in a doctor's office in Hollywood sitting across from a young fellow who had obviously been beaten up. Eventually a conversation started. I asked the obvious, what had happened to him. He said he had been in a gay bar which had been raided. He had slipped out the back door and unfortunately had to pass in front of the bar to get to his car. As he passed the front door, a big bruiser came running out, grabbed him, threw him down on the sidewalk and began pistol-whipping him about the head.

It came as such a surprise that he didn't connect the present situation with the one he had just left. He began yelling, "Somebody call the police!"

The man sitting on his chest swinging

the gun said, "Shut up, asshole. We are the police."

Checking out his story (other than just looking at his bruised and battered face) isn't necessary to make my point; if you cannot depend on the police, just who the hell do you call?

The L.A.P.D. is not unique in having morality problems in its ranks. If one is to believe the news from the midwest this year, it would be hard to find anyone on the public payrolls in the entire Bible-bending state of Oklahoma that is untouched by graft. The recent disclosures about the L.A.P.D.'s Hollywood division are not reassuring. In the cases in question, there is no need to ask who is ripping off one's apartment or house or to call the police. It is the police, the questions being self-cancelling.

But Los Angeles, for one, does not have that kind of a reputation, not like say New York or Chicago where graft is historically rampant. When William Parker took over the L.A.P.D. forty years ago, he changed all that. Territories were switched periodically so that it did no good to buy off the cop on that beat. You would have a new one in a few weeks. This was particularly true in Vice. In fact, one attorney told me in confidence once, that he would welcome the old days and ways back. "At least you could buy the sons of bitches off," he said. "Now it's like trying to deal with Hitler's SS troops."

Gays old enough to remember that period in most cities can tell you of the constant swoops into gay bars, the arrests in rest rooms and parks. Then, of course, the stigma was such that you merely pleaded guilty to disturbing the peace, whether you had been actually caught at anything or not. Cops didn't lie and you didn't want anyone to know you were that way. Chief Parker made statements at businessmen's luncheons saying that he was going to drive every

OF DEFENSE AGAINST REAL CRIME

POLICE!

TIME AND REPUTATIONS ALONG WITH OUR MONEY ENFORCEMENT AND ARCHAIC MANAGEMENT POLICIES?

WILLIAM R. McCULLOUGH

homosexual out of the city of Los Angeles. Just how silly that statement was, no one criticized or questioned.

But all good things have to come to an end and the loudmouth, fervently religious, bourbon-drinking and patriotic William H. Parker went to his reward. However his tradition lived on, in fact became self-perpetuating. The police department went through the motions of testing applicants both from within and without, ignored the scores and placed their own kind of man on the throne. And the reformers had made it impossible to get rid of them or to let the local citizenry have anything to say about who they picked or what they did. All went under civil service and The Man could not be fired. The mayor could be recalled but not the police chief.

This dynasty continued direct from Parker to the present day. Along the way came everybody's favorite: Crazy Ed Davis. Ol' Ed figured third in the tests but those who did better couldn't measure up to Ed in his attitude. They weren't One of Our Kind like Ed. And according to the *Los Angeles Times*, which seldom had too much bad to say about him, Davis virtually dismantled the entire Detective Division during his reign, mostly in favor of the S.W.A.T. teams and sheer brute-force groups. In spite of the L.A.P.D.'s air force and Davis' attempts at acquiring a Navy (he actually put in for a submarine) the department seemed unable to solve the simplest of crimes. Most of L.A.'s more celebrated cases, if they were solved at all, were done so by outside talent. Usually a police department in another part of the country would come up with a suspect that they had picked up and the L.A.P.D. would latch on to him. As in every major city in the United States, crime continued to rise in L.A. and the impressive figures on arrested jaywalkers, traffic citations and morals

offenses (gay busts) didn't really impress anyone except the Police Commission.

The Los Angeles commission is made up of out-to-pasture police people and usually acts as a rubber stamp for the department.

The L.A.P.D. relationship with most minorities is abominable. The Watts riots attest to that. In Chicano East Los Angeles, no cop dares to go on patrol alone. And gays are migrating out of Hollywood (along with everyone else) to West Hollywood to be in the jurisdiction of the sheriff, rather than the police chief.

Which brings us to an interesting point, Hollywood, which probably never was, certainly is no more. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce pressured the police for years to "clean up Hollywood" with the most likely target being the gays. Selma Avenue, a side street running parallel to Hollywood Boulevard, was known for a couple of decades as hustler heaven. Young men stood along its dark corners and made out. Hollywood Boulevard attracted a more flamboyant type but it also attracted tourists by the thousands and Saturday night revelers who went to its first-run movies, had dinner at the restaurants and patronized the shops and stores. That was then and now is now. No self-respecting hustler will be seen on Hollywood Blvd; in fact, after midnight there are very few people willing to be seen anywhere near it. Even the chorus-line of prostitutes that lined up on the corners of the Blvd. is gone now. The place is spooky, and the people are spookier. The one big department store, the last vestige of respectability along the street, just closed forever. The shops and stores have been replaced by third-grade fast-food outlets, junk shops and empty stores. The police obviously have protected it to death. Instead of using the available talent and manpower to

upgrade the area as West Hollywood has done or in other cities where settlements of gays have produced the Castro, or Montrose or Greenwich Village. Los Angeles has enlarged its cancer, aided and abetted by the brutal efforts of the police themselves.

Why are we losing the war against crime? Put priorities at the top of the list. Put archaic and outdated attitudes, bigotry and prejudice in the police department.

If you call the police, no matter what the emergency, the chances are you will get a recorded message. I did one Saturday night when the hill I lived on was inundated with cars owned by people attending a party. It is a dead-end street at the top of a hill and people parked their cars in driveways, in the middle of the street (even parking in people's garages) turning the whole area into one big parking lot. It took the neighbors two hours to get through to the police, finally calling the main station and demanding to talk to somebody. Eventually after midnight a couple of cops showed up and watched the inebriated, stoned guests start moving their cars while the neighbors stood by. One driver hit three cars on the way out but there were no arrests or even tickets.

What makes the whole thing amazing is that on the same night in another part of the city, a dozen of L.A.'s finest raided a gay party in a private home and the scene was described by one of the guests as pure bedlam. There were arrests, people jumping out of the window and lots of action. Not bad for a department that hasn't enough available manpower to even answer its phone.

When I was with H.E.L.P. (sort of a gay civil liberties union in L.A.) I had many occasions to visit the police departments to bail out guys arrested on morals charges. It was enlightening to watch the gross inefficiencies, the waste and

TIME IS RUNNING OUT IN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE CRIMINAL HORDES...EVEN INCLUDING FAG BASHERS!

general ineffectiveness of the departments at work. If you wanted to make a report, an able-bodied if ham-handed cop was sitting at a typewriter he didn't know how to work, taking down information in his most indifferent civil service manner. Any female clerk-typist could have run circles around the whole staff, but the boys in the L.A.P.D. upstairs didn't like women. One of our attorneys and I waited twenty minutes on business while the young stud at the front desk flirted with a couple of hookers trying to make points by buying tickets to a police show. That wouldn't happen with a woman at the desk either.

Police departments by their very nature are quasi-military organizations. Unfortunately, along with the firearms and hardware goes military thinking. The same school of thought that practiced segregation in the armed forces into World War II kept most minorities off the police forces of this nation until the present day. Blacks and hispanics have been virtually shoved down the throats of most forces, but unlike San Francisco, which is making a token effort to get gays into the police department, Los Angeles is fighting it tooth and nail. The old attitudes prevail.

So now in the last part of it, America's police are being dragged kicking and screaming into the twentieth century. Not so much with their crime-fighting equipment. With almost unlimited budgets their departments bristle with computer technology, word processors and the most deadly of armor and armaments. Fleets of high-powered cars await outside. Helicopters are up on the roof, all equipped with the latest in radio and radar equipment. Communication with everything, except the public, has never been easier. And high school dropouts armed with only switchblades and street smarts are running circles around the cities' armed forces.

In the case of Los Angeles, Ed Davis was replaced (when he finally retired to run for political office) with a hand chosen successor, Darryl Gates. While Gates is nowhere near as flamboyant or loudmouthed as Davis, he is tightlipped, just as politically ambitious and as ineffectual. He has fought with city council, the mayor, every minority imaginable and even the police commission, none of which could remove him even if they tried.

The cost of such management in

police departments is getting astronomical. Not only in dollars which for most cities are getting higher and scarcer but in damages to property and human lives. Police relations with the community are deteriorating badly. There was a time that the cop on the beat was your friend, kids looked up to him and called him "Mister," grown-ups called him "Officer" and when something happened, the first thought was to call the police. Nowadays I hear more and more the old refrain, "Why call the cops; it won't do any good anyway." And for sure, in the case of most home burglaries, one makes a police report (now usually by mail) simply to qualify for an insurance claim. One seldom hears anything further on it. There are exceptions, of course, which one likes to think are due to good police work.

Some of the raids on gay organizations and businesses have become small legends. Seventeen able-bodied uniformed officers went to a bar on Melrose because of "a complaint about the music being too loud" (there is always "a complaint" and almost always from an anonymous complainer). Six cars of cops descended on a H.E.L.P. charity auction at the Black Pipe on La Cienega and hauled off twenty-one men. After months in the courts, all the cases were thrown out. One hundred and seven police were involved at the Mark IV Slave Auction raid on April 10, 1976, plus a little army was waiting at Parker Center to process the victims. The cases were all thrown out by L.A. City Attorney Burl Pines but the District Attorney John Van de Kamp was beholden to Ed Davis and he picked four of the arrestees to be further prosecuted for two years in the courts. He is now the Attorney General of the State of California.

The police departments of America are political animals. They have organizations that lobby, police chiefs that appear on programs that pursue political or religious aims endorsed by either the department or the chief himself. Before and during Ed Davis' ill fated campaigns for governor, he appeared on every looney-tune TV evangelist's show he could get on.

The Peace Officers' Association in San Francisco is a giant, well-financed political pressure group whose president has at times seemed to have more clout than the chief himself and more of the Mayor's ear. The departments have become entities to and of themselves, self-perpetuating and involved in areas far

afield from the pursuit of crime and criminals.

When one Sam Yorty campaigned against the establishment to become the mayor of Los Angeles he went to the minorities and assailed the police abuse. Immediately upon becoming mayor he was visited by representatives of the police department bearing a briefcase. When they left, it was without the case and very soon Yorty became so pro-police he had neck-lash from the sudden 180° turn. His second racist law 'n order campaign against the present mayor Tom Bradley, an ex-cop, backfired.

To mention Nazi Germany, where police mentality ran the country, in comparison with our police departments, seems far fetched. But one of the greatest mistakes of the Nazis was the complete waste of manpower and talent of its minorities. Anyone who wasn't pure Aryan was not even considered in the scheme of things other than to prosecute or persecute. Our WASP (or perhaps WASC, since they seem to be as Catholic as Protestant) police departments have historically had little use for the racial, ethnic or sexual minorities they enjoy pushing around. Only recently federal law has made the big departments recruit, let alone hire, any man not in the Dan White image. The day of the White Man's Burden is long past.

The L.A.P.D. has a press-public relations-propaganda department that is larger than most small-town police departments. They cooperate profusely and generously with the movie and TV producers who live off promoting the cop image. The public envisions a department of Starsky and Hutch, Angie Dickenson, Jack Webb and the entire cast of *Hill Street Blues* getting the best of the bad guys. But the public that has had any encounter with the L.A.P.D. comes away with an image of arrogant bullies, rude and, in the long run, not too effective. And if that encounter involved their help in a desperate situation, he will usually call them only as a last resort.

Just as with our prison system, the police departments will someday have to be upgraded, updated and made effective. As with the new strains of supergerms, our cures are becoming less and less effective. We have to develop something better, something that will get rid of crime without killing the patient. □

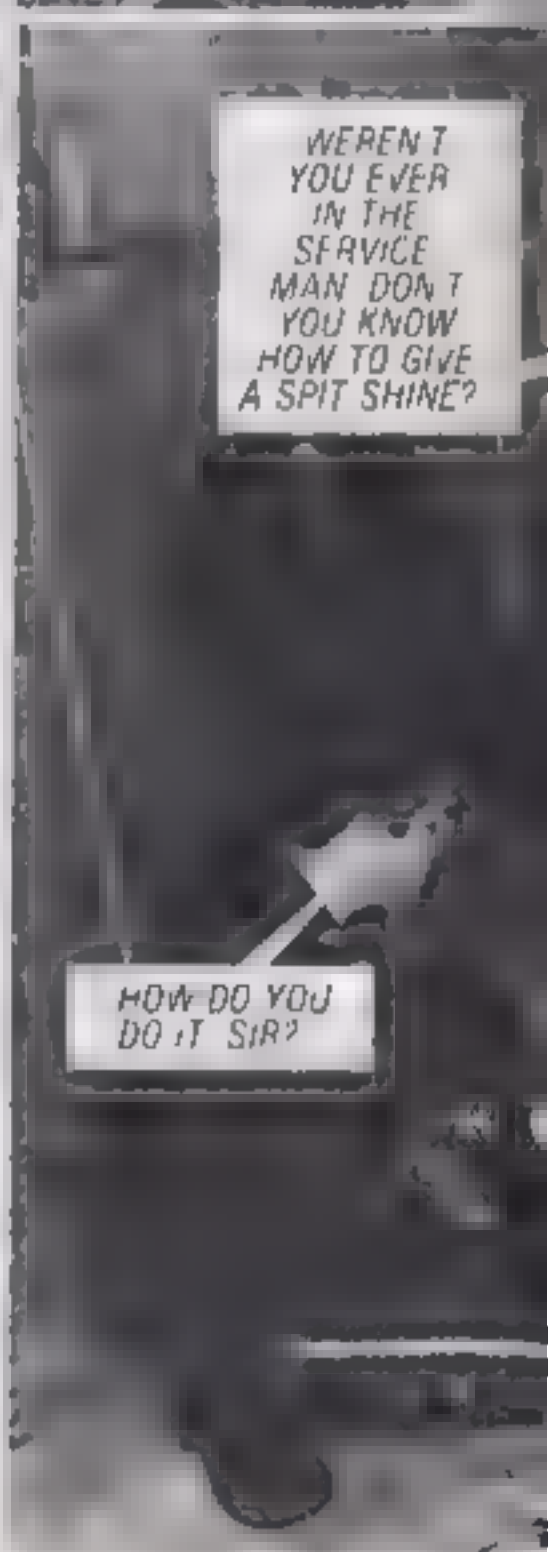
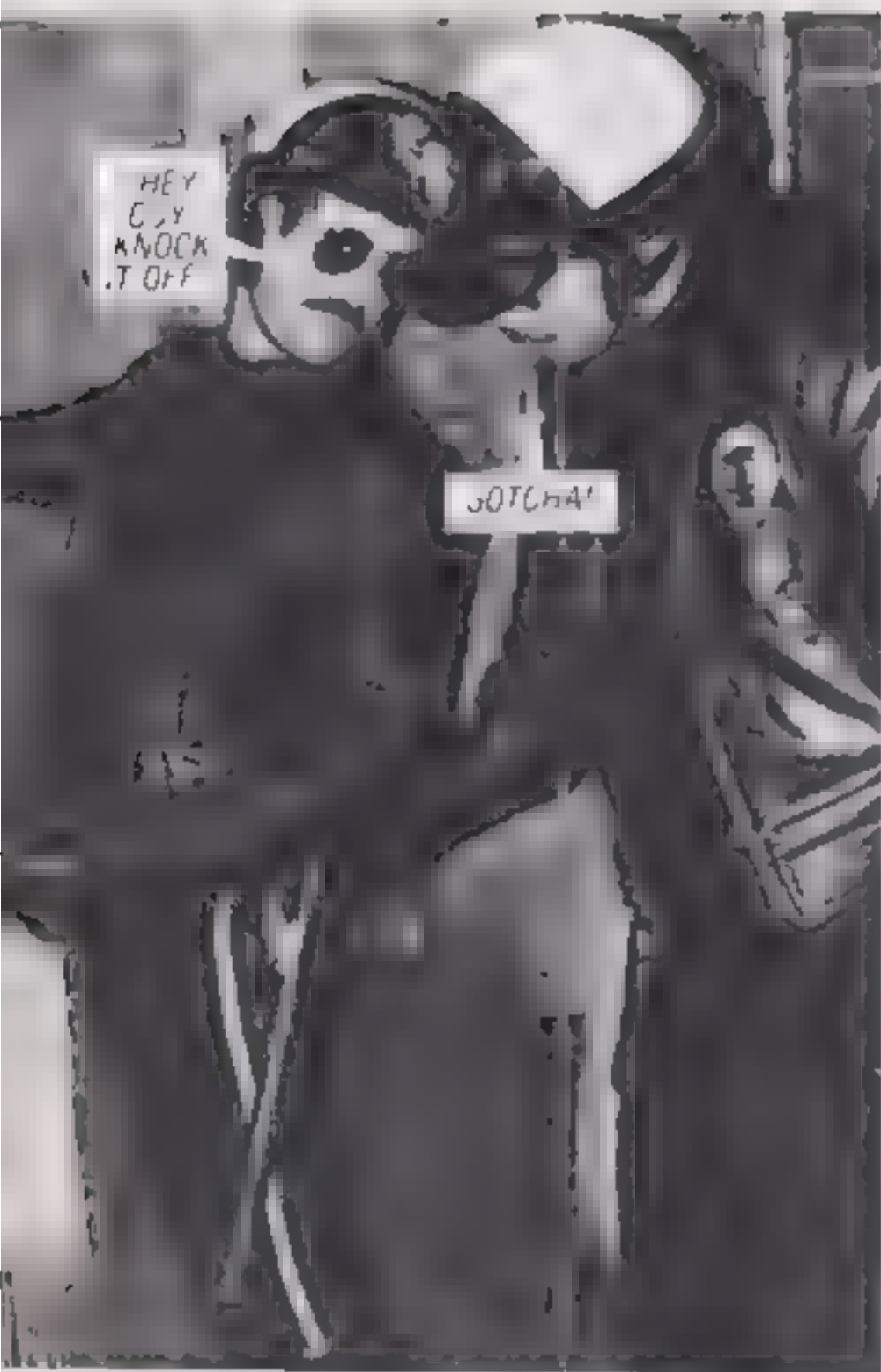
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THIS WITH YOUR
OTHER EQUIPMENT, SIR?

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CAN'T FINISH
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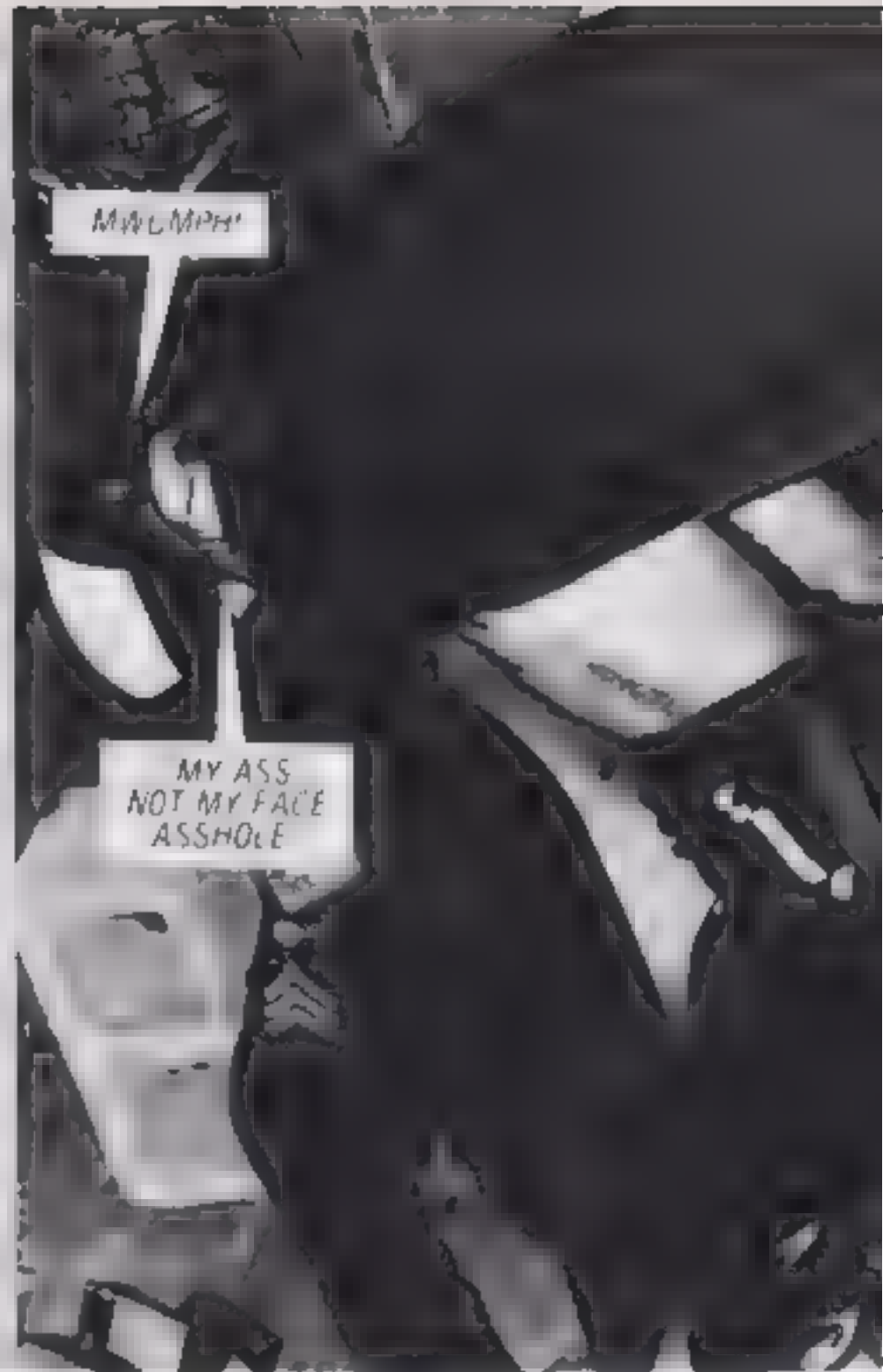
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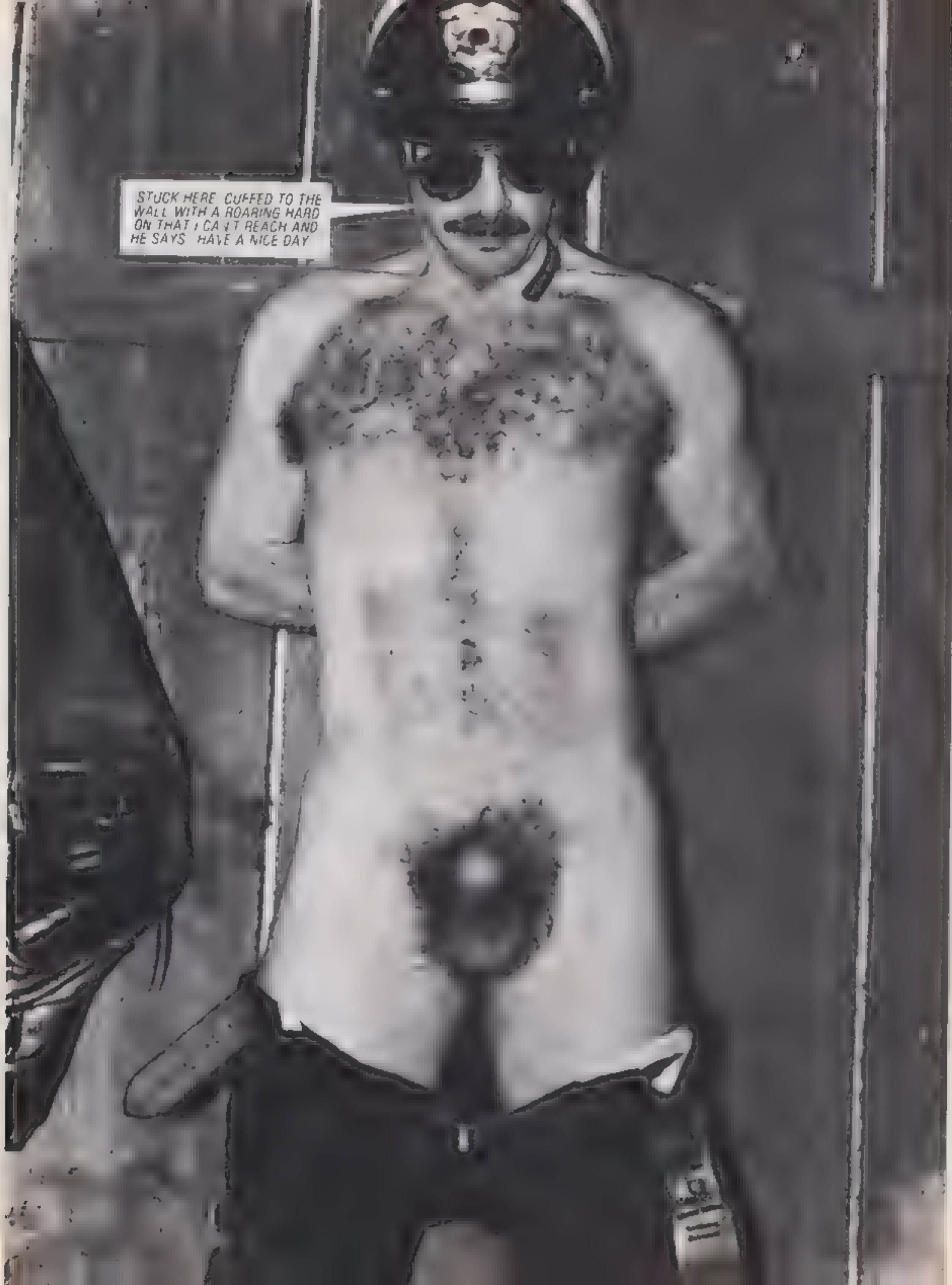


LICK IT
ASSHOLE
I SAID A
SHIT SHINE!





STUCK HERE CUFFED TO THE
WALL WITH A ROARING HARD
ON THAT I CAN'T REACH AND
HE SAYS HAVE A NICE DAY



BONUS BOOK SECTION

PENAL FARM

BY GEORGE JAMESON

A journalist for the Chicago Gazette at the turn of the century set off across America looking for incidents of cruelty and enslavement for a series of newspaper articles he planned to write. He visited labor camps, calvary outposts, forts, jails . . . and a penal farm. He gathered material for his series for over a year, but he never saw it published. Here, nearly a hundred years later, is only one of his many adventures: explicit, revealing, unique. His name was George Jameson . . .

In my travels out West I'd begun to hear of a particular penal farm where the method of administering corrective punishment was unorthodox although apparently effective. But no survivor of the prison complex ever seemed to emerge from it to describe what happened within the barbed wire enclosure. Strange, I thought, that so beneficial a term as "farm" should invoke such silence.

I decided that no ordinary method of visiting would do to admit me to the place. After lengthy consideration, it occurred to me that it might work for me to go as a researcher in Penology, the study of punishment and the management of prisons—and prevail upon the administrator of this particular one to disclose his methods of "correction" in the interest of scientific advancement. Granted enough time there, I'd try to discover what their methods of "reforming" prisoners were, their choice and training of guards, and the attitude of the head warden. I'd begin with the warden.

From Chicago, where I'd had some letterhead printed, I wrote to the prison farm whose location I'd ascertained by checking with various law agencies through the West. In my letter to the warden I claimed to be studying methods of exacting servitude from convicted criminals.

In the course of time I had a reply. The warden stated that, though he wasn't accustomed to receiving visitors or divulging the methods of punishment being employed under his jurisdiction, he'd grant me an introductory interview. He warned that it might not go further than this. He'd judge any further disposition on the amount of agreement we might have on penal matters. The authorities were satisfied with his administration, so I was to deem it a courtesy that I should even be allowed to visit.

It was my opinion that the warden answered me at all because of fear that the matter might get out of hand by an outright refusal of my request—in which case I might appeal to professional or government officials and stir up more inquiry than he cared to have. From what I was to observe at his place later, I'm now certain I was right!

Upon arriving at the great entrance gate of the "farm," fitted into a stockade-fence running along the front of the enclosure, I encountered two guards. The heat on the western plains where the prison was situated was intense, and I could see that the guards had been assigned to wear lightweight uniforms and caps, though with standard, sturdy military boots. I could also see that the wooden fence went only about a quarter of a mile in each direction from the gate, replaced from there with high twists of barbed wire in double thickness.

I announced my name and one of the guards ushered me inside the gate but ordered me to wait while he brought news of my arrival to the one-story headquarters building just within. Another guard came forward to escort me to the

warden's office.

As I went along, I could see only a few guards stationed around what appeared to be barracks and service buildings—all with bars on their windows. No prisoners were in sight this early in the afternoon.

The warden turned out to be younger than I'd expected—in his mid-forties, heavy-set, rather short but powerful-looking, with deep-set eyes, thick dark hair, and a grip of iron when he shook hands with me.

I assumed the most ingratiating manner of speaking I could muster. "I'm in debt to you for your kindness," I said. "I'm anxious to add to my knowledge by whatever you can tell me."

The warden motioned me to a chair, acknowledged a salute from the guard, who retired to his post outside the door, and sat down at a massive oak desk in front of the windows presently covered with drapes, but which I could guess would admit a view, when open, of the length of the camp between the central buildings.

"Ain't much to tell," he said. His voice was deep, almost guttural, and had a strange monotone to it—as if what he said brooked no question and therefore required no emphasis.

He settled himself squarely—and aggressively—in his chair. "'For we go any further," he said, "I want to know more 'bout yore credentials so's I kin reckon what to say. I don't have to tell you nothin' I don't want to."

I went over in greater detail the "credentials" I'd referred to briefly in my initial letter to him. I gave no hint that I'd prepared this background from intensive reading in Chicago as well as consultation with a noted academician in penology at the university.

He nodded and seemed satisfied. But he apparently was still on his mettle because he shook his head gruffly. "I run this 'stablishment in a creditable, upstandin' way—which ain't had no criticism yet from the higher-ups. In fact, they trust me to the extent that they don't feel the need to come here any more. There ain't a body in the camp who's ever spoke-up while any authorities was visitin' here. Durin' the inspection visits the prisoners is all dressed-up in government issue for which we have an allowance though not much in this hot climate. We always get the highest marks fer our presentation."

"I suppose other times you have the prisoners dressed suitably for the heat."

"Yeah. So hot any coverin's too much. So I have the prisoners workin' without a stitch a clothes on. Good fer the discipline allus havin' em naked to our sight—an' actually more comfortable fer them climate-wise. A-course there's always those who object, but they see the light no time t'll—when they're told to do it, or else!"

He frowned. "But where do you want to begin? You probly

want to know how we have such a successful program. Discipline— that's how. Quick an' total discipline!"

I nodded in agreement. "Yes, discipline, is necessary for such a program to succeed."

"Glad to hear you agree."

"Of course it's difficult to tell how far discipline should go. Is it your opinion that one must deal very strongly with prisoners?"

"You got it." He beamed. "Yeah, that's what I mean. Don't let nobody get away with nothin'. That's my motto, 'n all my guards know that's how I feel. So I back-up my stall to a man, an' there ain't much a prisoner can say to persuade me that the guard ain't right. That's the way I keep my guards stayin' on in this solitary place 'n internal climate. I don't permit the guards to be married or have any families here— so t'ain't what you'd call the most attractive duty a guard might have. But fer reasons they know best, all seem to keep on from year to year. In return, I let 'em have their way with the prisoners. You know, boys'll be boys, an' it don't hurt none to let the guards take what liberties they want."

"Where do the guards live?"

"They got a couple a buildin's with partitioned rooms inside. 'Course their barracks is a good deal more comfortable than the prisoners'— as you might expect— which are pretty bare 'cept fer a cot 'n blanket fer each. Cain't have the prisoners expectin' good treatment— though some who work fer us personal get better 'n others. The best ones— the ones the guards pick out special— maybe fer looks, maybe fer conduct— wait on table fer the guards at the mess hall— 'n me at my quarters— an' they do clean-up 'n other things too."

"Very advisable— all that you're saying."

He was pleased. "I kin see you an' I're eye-to-eye in more ways 'n one." He shuffled some papers in a scant pile at the edge of his desk. "Well now, maybe I could give you a quick look't one of the work-crews laborin' nearby. You know, all the prisoners gotta work unless they're temporarily unable. So you kin see why we only got young prisoners— in their twenties an' thirties— who're able to do the hard work. I make that clear to the jais 'n sheriffs that send 'em to us 'fore they come. We only take the young 'n healthy."

He got up and ushered me ahead of him out the door, saying a few words to the sentry outside his office. He remarked to me as we went out, "Gave instructions fer a bed to be made-up fer you in the guards' barracks. Best I kin do."

He had a horse saddled and brought to me, and we set out with a mounted guard following a short distance behind.

My first glimpse of the prisoners' work detail was about a half-mile away at the edge of the barbed wire enclosure— in an enormous vegetable-garden compound. As we rode to within sight, I could glimpse a group of about thirty men, tanned all over from the sun, completely naked except for field-boots, their patches of pubic hair above their cocks and balls looking dark or bleached as the case might be. As they turned this way and that at their labor, to bend or reach or dig with shovels, pitchforks, hoes, and rakes, their cocks and balls swung sideways or bounded upward and downward. They appeared not to be talking to each other at all.

The guard on duty, who I could see had on the usual cotton uniform and cap, but had the addition of a wiry-looking little riding-crop or horse-switch in one hand which he idly waved and rapped against his palm as he watched the naked men, turned full toward us as he noticed us approaching, then wheeled back toward the men and boomed. "Attention!"

Startled, the men halted what they were doing, then hurried to form a line beside each other in front of the guard and facing us. And, almost as quickly, they put their hands back of their necks and pointed their faces downward toward the

ground so that we could observe them without their looking at us.

"At ease," the warden said, gazing in a satisfied way up and down the line. The men didn't move to "ease" themselves, but stood stock still.

I was a little overcome at the effect on myself of the many fully-exposed genitals bobbing to rest before us. The cocks— so out front and evident— were all sizes and shapes and lengths and thicknesses; the balls— as we looked them over— seemed to draw themselves higher from where they'd been hanging to a tighter, more reserved position. I felt my own cock jump inside my trousers, despite myself, and I wondered how the prisoners managed to restrain any impulses they might have in those private and usually uncontrollable parts.

I wasn't long to find out, for one young lad, barely twenty, standing as straight as he apparently could, wasn't able to control the gradual growth outward and upward that took place. He must have been acutely aware of it since he was looking downward toward it— in the full sight of us unbid strangers. Yet he could do nothing about it, having his hands placed as they were back of his neck and unable to reach down and conceal the sensitive appendages which hadn't a shred of covering between him and our attentive eyes.

Both the guard and warden, however, while regarding the rampant cock to where it became fully horizontal and throbbing, made as if to ignore its tremulous but persistent rise. To lend an air of authority to the group, the guard walked to the end of the line and shouted out, peering down the row of collectively projecting cocks and balls, "All right you shit-heads, let's straighten up this line!"

He walked down the front of the row, lightly switching a cock here and there— then down the back of the men, here and there lashing at their butts— while the victims winced but kept their hands back and eyes down.

"Everythin' goin' all right, Hannigan?" the warden inquired, running his eyes leisurely over the naked men in front of him.

"Yassir. Reckon so. Jest another a them days, same as any other." He strolled over to one of the prisoners. "Could mention in passin' that Prescott was disobedient this mornin' when I ordered 'em all to 'pack together' the way we do 'fore a meal. Prescott, step forward, here!"

One of the prisoners, a brown-haired young man of medium height, in his early thirties, with well-developed cock and balls, took a hesitant step.

The guard switched the man's cock, so that he cried out. "Hop to it!" Hannigan snarled. "When I say 'Step forward,' I mean a good-sized step— not a little timid one!"

Since the prisoner couldn't see him from his downward-looking position, the guard went around back and stuck the handle of his crop up the man's ass. "Now move!" He almost lifted the man off the ground by the asshole.

With a cry, the prisoner leaped forward and stood quivering in front of the warden and me. The guard kept the switch-handle butted-up against the man's asshole. "Now tell the warden what you done to make me angry this mornin'."

The prisoner squirmed on the end of the handle, but kept his hands behind his neck and his eyes downward. "I didn't mean nothin'—"

"How do you address the warden or any a yore superiors!" the guard roared. He pulled the stick out from between the man's cheeks and rapped him several times across the butt. The man's cock shot forward, but ended up trembling and withdrawing into itself repeatedly, then bounding forward and withdrawing.

The guard gave him another twack which left a welt on the man's bare seat.

"Sir, Sir!" the prisoner almost screamed.

"That's better." The guard laid his switch motionless across the man's seat and let it lie there while the cock continued the jerk forward and back. "Now tell yore story again."

"Sir! I was thinkin' a somthin' else, so I didn't hear the guard call us to 'pack together.'"

"That's right. An' for that negligence, you will not be in the guards' drawin' this week, an' you will not relieve yoreself down there the rest a this week."

The prisoner groaned. "But I didn't have a chance to do it last week. Don't know as I kin—"

The switch landed again on his naked buns, making a pink ribbon across another part. The cock, this time, bounded forward and stretched to half-erect, expanding steadily in girth. It looked like a boated sausage, bulging as it did in circumference. "You don't know as you kin what?"

"Sir! I don't know as I kin keep my cock under control if'n it don't get no relief—" He started to look up at the warden, but the guard reached forward and shoved his head down again.

I was full of questions, but thought I'd better hold back until I was given the go-ahead.

"You did right, Hannigan," the warden said in his unemphatic guttural monotone. "Prisoner, you heered what the guard said. If you weren't attentive when you shoulda been, why t'ain't no one's fault but your own! Case dismissed!"

He waved to Hannigan, and the guard ordered the prisoner back into the line. The man's cock and balls see-sawed up and down while he looked hopelessly at his obstreperous parts.

The warden let his gaze wander among the other naked men. Another cock and then another began to lift their way, as time passed, forward and upward. Other cocks and balls swayed or twitched as their owners held their respectful stance with legs apart and eyes cast downward.

Be sure'n let the men who behave have their relief ses-

sion," the warden remarked. "Under the guards' supervision, of course. Proceed as you see best."

He laughed mirthlessly. "By the looks a some a these horny bastards, they need to go through a session!" He waved toward the number whose cocks were thickening and pulsating upward.

"Sons a bitches don't know how good we treat 'em." The guard stalked up and down the line appraising the men.

The warden seemed to consider something. "Think I'll leave this visitor with you awhile—with Guard Jenkins to look out fer him and see him back." The warden indicated to me the mounted attendant waiting in the background. "I got some things to attend to, 'n this'll give him a chance to ask you some questions and learn how we're so successful in our 'ministration."

He turned to me. "Now, Mister, you pay careful heed to what Guard Hannigan has to tell you. You'll see what it takes to run an upstandin' program like we got."

He was off in puffs of dust.

I got off my horse and handed the reins to Jenkins who left for a place to one side.

Hannigan paused in his ambling up and down in front of the prisoners. He went behind Prescott and stuck the handle of his whip up the man's ass again, making the prisoner shriek in surprise and pain. The already turgid cock leaped upward from the assault, then receded trembling violently.

The guard caught hold of the balls and cock from the front and held the prisoner pinioned both back and front. "You cocksucker. Whadda ya mean sayin' to the warden that you didn't know as you could keep yore cock under control if'n you didn't have no release!" He savagely squeezed the cock and balls till the prisoner howled and bowed forward helplessly.

"Sir, I didn't mean nothin'—"

"You never mean nothin', you no-good piece a shit," He pulled the stick out of the back and as suddenly released Prescott from the front. "Now, get back in line, or I'll give you a reason to be sorry!" He gave the prisoner a final slap on his bare rump. Prescott scuttled back to his place in the line and cowered trying to make himself unobtrusive.

"Ail right, you scum-bags! Get back to work where you were before. On the double!" He whacked a couple of the men on their outstretched cocks with his riding crop as they turned to retreat.

"Treat 'em rough but fair," he said casually to me. "That's my motto."

"Yes. I can see that," I answered, hiding my shock, but determined to continue. "Now, Mr. Hannigan—"

"Hannigan's good enough, 'tween us." The guard motioned for me to follow him. "Come on outa their earshot. If'n the warden wants me to fill you in, why then I'll do my best. Who're you? Some kinda warden 'r sheriff 'r something?"

I explained my mission briefly, not going into much detail.

But, before letting me speak very much, he held up his hand when we reached a place where we could sit down and lean against some great slabs of rock, while still viewing close-up the men continuing their work detail a few feet away.

Again, as I sat down, I found myself fascinated by the tossings and bobbings of the cocks and balls next to us. There must indeed have been thirty or more men in the group. They sweated and bent over and dug and pitched, and their well-muscled young bodies glistened with sweat. Frequently, after first stealing a glance at Hannigan and me busy in conversation, they would reach down and surreptitiously pull at their cocks or finger their balls—more than once resulting in cocks that swelled at half-mast or straight-out.

"Mister," Hannigan proceeded with his topic, "I know what yore gonna ask, so I'll head it off. How do we maintain a

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orderly crew with a minimum a violence—as you could see I did with Prescott.”

Remembering the unlucky victim of the warden’s inspection, I searched for Prescott among the prisoners. I spotted him, on hands and knees, nearby, faced away from us, weeding between some corn plants. His ass and crotch, from the back, were totally exposed to us, and I thought I could detect slashes of dried blood on the rear of his inner thighs where Hannigan’s riding crop had forced its way up against his asshole. The prisoner’s large balls and cock, now-relaxed, hung wagging and swinging as he worked, and I wondered what he was thinking. Somehow I must manage to interview him or another of the prisoners—and not just model ones whom the guards or warden might select. I wanted to hear their story from their point of view!

But for the time being, I let myself relax against the boulder behind me and listen to Hannigan, while watching the nearby prisoners at their labor.

“First a all,” Hannigan began, “you gotta understand that we got it worked out so s the prisoners’ gettin’ to have sex or not is what controls the rest a their behavior. This is a young group—nobody over their forties at most—usually nearer to twenty—an’ they’re bustin’ at the seams with havin’ a lid kept on sex. Not a day goes by, out here, while I’m keepin a eye on ‘em, that I don’t see their peckers stretchin’ upward or their balls crowdin’ close-up so much that they’d do ‘bout anythin’ to relieve themselves. You know—touch ‘n handle themselves, rub ‘n jack-up themselves—all leadin’ to shootin’ off. Better still— if they could do it!— they’d like to put themselves inside someone else.”

He eyed the naked prisoners wielding their work tools and occasionally reaching down to handle themselves. “Oh, I kin see ‘em right now while you ‘n I sit here, feelin’ themselves every chance they get an’ they think I don’t notice— but to tell the truth I let it go by an’ it amuses me to watch ‘em do it. But they know they’re not to shoot-off. That’s reserved fur when they service the guards or have their own weekly session.”

He looked smugly at me. “This is where our system is so gol-durned beautiful. We don’t let ‘em have sex ‘cept fur good behavior. We don’t let ‘em have it at all if they misbehave— like Prescott done today.”

“How do you work it?”

“Ver-ry simple! Every evenin’ after chow, we guards—ther’re ‘bout twenty a us fur the whole camp of ‘bout two hundred twenty convicts, which comes down to a ratio of

‘bout ten or ‘leven to one— we line the prisoners on the central ground, inspect ‘em by lookin’ ‘n feelin’ ‘em over, an’ review their daytime activities for who p-eased us an’ who didn’.”

Here he lowered his voice and leaned closer to me. “Now, Mister, I guess yore a man a the world ‘nough to know that we guards ‘re men too ‘n need relief same as everyone else.”

“What we do is make our choice a sex partners outa that line-up an’ notify the chosen ones that we’ll be takin’ ‘em to our rooms that night— usually a different man every evenin’— sometimes not, dependin’ on the state of our needs. Some nights I kin hardly wait to have me a good fuck or one a them convicts in the mouth!

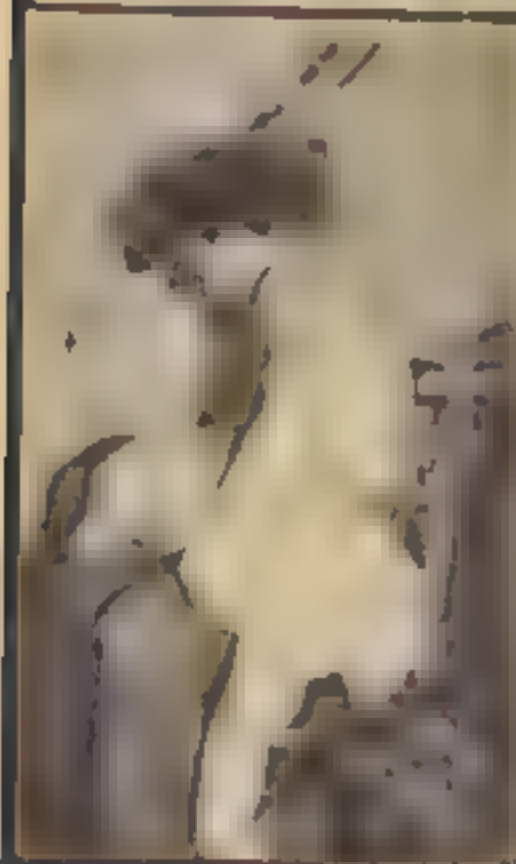
“Oh yeah, at line-up I mark the one I pick out by puttin’ a dog collar around his neck. Later, I go to his barracks ‘n get him outa bed, where he’s waitin’ fur me, an’ lead him to my place on a chain attached to the collar. Naked as he is, by the time I’ve done a little persuadin’ to his body along the way—as pent-up as he usually is— he’s more’n ready fur action—balls high ‘n cock out!

He sighed contentedly. “Now the beauty of it is that the prisoners ‘re so held-down from day-to-day— why, at line-up they’re practically clamorin’ fur us— at least, that’s the way I see it. You kin see their peckers risin’ in anticipation right there ‘fore us while we inspect ‘em—an’ I take that to mean they’re crazy to be with us an’ do what we want with ‘em.”

He slammed his fist down on the dusty ground. “Those who don’t get chosen fur servicin’ us are only allowed one session per week, at the empty mess hall, ‘tween themselves, under our supervision— jest once a week— an’ I kin tell ya, these convicts we got are so y oung ‘n vigorous— plus doin’ outdoor work ‘n havin’ healthy bodies— that they’re ‘bout to explode by the time their single session per week rolls aroun’ So, as you can see, they can’t help but want the extra servicin’ of the guards which allows ‘em to cum a few extra times.

“As fur renegades like Prescott— who, ‘tween us, d dn’ do anythin’ too wrong, but serves as a example to the others of how we kin crack-down when we’ve a mind-to; well, remember that he’s young an’ energetic like the rest— maybe not as forceful as some, but still fulla juice. What we do is deny the prisoner not only to be among those chosen to service a guard, but also the sessions ‘tween prisoners that we supervise once a week. As a reward fur good-servicin’ a guard, we let the prisoner jerk hisself off or cum when we cum. O’course a guard never services a prisoner, but if he’s done as we wanted him to by us, we do let him relieve hisself

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before we haul him back to his barracks."

While Hannigan talked, I idly watched the motions of Prescott— now prohibited from having sex for his second week— at work on the corn plants, his youthful butt in the air toward us, dainty pink asshole ringed with hair damp from sweat, brawny cock wagging, and plump balls bouncing. I could swear that these seemed to swell and grow bigger as they tossed at his labor. Yes, I became convinced, they were growing more and more rigid, and I turned my attention fully to observe him. But, at the same time, to distract Hannigan, I put a question to him.

"Don't the prisoners have any chance for privacy? What if they cum out here in the fields?"

Surprised at what apparently seemed to him a useless query about convicts, he peered sideways at me, then grunted, "Don't matter."

He followed my glance. "Well, I'll be danged! Prescott must be feelin' his week-old hard-on growin' on him!"

He leaned forward to watch Prescott more closely. "I do believe he's gettin' hisself off right now!"

I watched as, ass still raised toward us and swinging with his work, Prescott's cock stretched inexorably outward while his balls tightened and lifted till they were squeezed up against him. Still he knelt on all fours— if anything working faster— rocklike cock out front— balls tense— asshole pouting feverishly— I wondered what the rules were for a situation like this!

I didn't have to wait long. While we watched, Prescott glanced nervously sideways, and when he didn't see us, positioned as we were to his rear, he stole one hand down and, while continuing to pluck and weed with his other, massaged the length of the fully-erect cock, pumping-away for all he was worth.

Furious, Hannigan got up and strode over to the kneeling

prisoner. He slapped the switch hard over the upraised rump and at the same time reached around and grabbed Prescott's hand off his cock. "No you don't, you piece of dung!" he roared, causing the other prisoners to jump back from their work in alarm. He continued switching Prescott while that hapless soul cringed and tried to protect his ass with his hands, then howled as the switch lashed his fingers— and cried out further when the switch struck his quaking balls. I watched with pity as his cock gradually deflated and Prescott, in terror, curled up on the ground, balls and cock rearward and loose now, under the unflagging rain of blows.

"Ya know better'n to disobey our rules," stormed Hannigan. "Ya know not to relieve yoreself down there till yo're given the word." He stopped, out of breath, leaving the prisoner crying and shaking convulsively. He stomped back to me and sat down nonchalantly, as if nothing had happened.

"Cain't let 'em get out of hand," he commented matter-of-factly. "He'll get another week in restraint fur this extra disobedience." He laughed. "I may have to fuck him in the field just to relieve his tension if he goes without fur as long as three weeks!" He studied the big balls and cock twitching between Prescott's legs as he still lay doubled over sobbing and quaking uncontrollably.

He lay his switch on his lap and leaned back on both hands. "Well, where did I leave-off?"

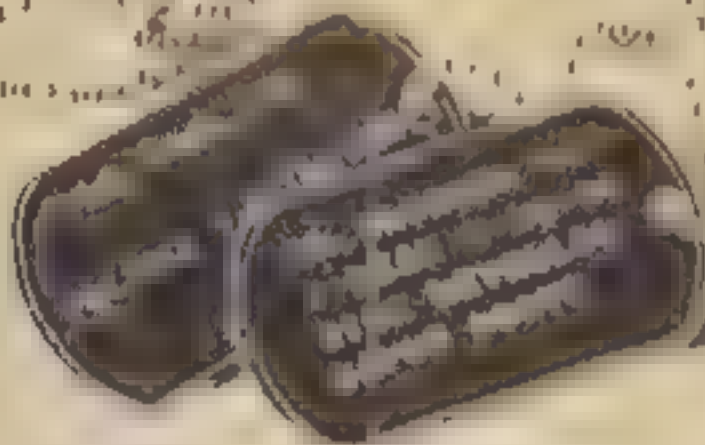
I couldn't believe he could be so callous. I found myself agitated just witnessing the scene. I couldn't bring myself to speak. I was afraid of what I might be led to say.

But Hannigan was ready to go ahead. "You get the picture a how we hold two different kinds of selections. One fur servicin' the guards, which we hold every evenin' an' which you'll get to see tonight after supper. The other fur servicin' themselves, so to speak, once a week. Dependin' on whether

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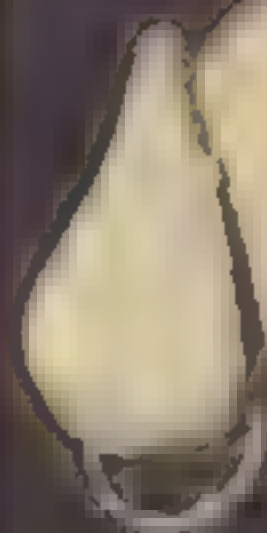
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you're still here, you can watch that. If, through bad actions a some kind, they miss both things, as you kin see, they get mighty tense 'n horny

He watched the men return to their tasks, and I followed his gaze to the still-weeping and quivering Prescott, who I hoped would return to his duties without delay so as not to incur further wrath from the guard

Hannigan tapped his whip across his open palm. "All right, Prescott. On yore feet an' back to work. You done enough disobeyin' fur one day" As if to approach him again, he raised the switch

In a daze, Prescott got to his feet. His ass was covered with red welts, and he moved as if he wasn't fully conscious. His cock was back to its normal large size and bobbed rhythmically as he got down on all fours and applied himself again to the plants. His asshole, with its wreath of fine hair, fully exposed, gradually widened to show its glossy, moist interior

"Before we was interrupted," Hannigan remarked, "I was 'bout to tell you how we control the prisoners from jerkin themselves off at night. You see, we post a guard— each of us takes turns— patrolin' their barracks while they're in bed. Whether they're uncovered an' bare, or covered with their blanket, they don't get away with nothin'. No matter if they pretend they're asleep— or really are— an' doin' it, we soon put a stop to it!"

He eyed Prescott's upraised parts languidly. "there are two particular times a day when we make it tough fur those who are badly horny. We k n get 'em to the point a cummin' without touchin' themselves. I'll tell you how

"We have 'em line up afore breakfast fur roll-call an' routine camp business, an' then we have 'em do some settin'-up exercises— jest to get their blood runnin' fur the day ahead. Since they're stark nekked, as always, the worst is what everybody calls Jumpin' Jacks— where the men leap into the air

swingin' their arms together over their heads an' spread their legs sideways to land on the ground. Well, as you kin imagine, this sets their cocks an' balls slappin' up an' down— in a great uproar— gettin' stiffer all the time. If'n we do the exercise long enough, more'n a few have to let themselves shoot. We let 'em do it, but it embarrasses 'em 'cause it's in our control, stead a theirs

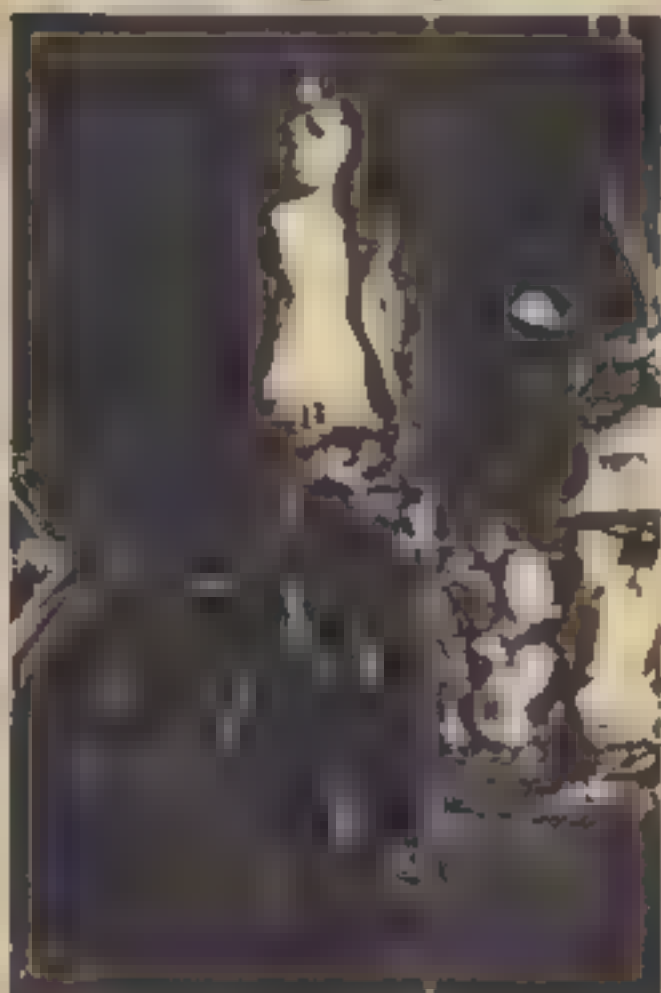
The other time is when we give the order, like when we get 'em formed-up for meals. 'Pack yourselves together!' Then they have to get behind each other an' put their arms 'round the waist a the teller in front, so that they make what might be called a train. Now the only trouble with this train, fur those who're horny, which mosta them are, or jest turrible touchy bein' crowded next to another man's body, is that we've told 'em they got to be smack against the one in front a them. What happens is that you got one man's cock pressed against the ass o' the one in front, 'n usually his thing grows, 'n grows some more, then has to go somewhere— so it drives into the crack ahead, an' that sets off the man ahead— an' so on. We let 'em stay that way awhile, jest to enjoy the way they look— packed like sardines— not to mention knowin' that there's a lotta action down below without it gettin' anywhere they might want. You can bet there's a lot of squirmin' an' shittin' asses back'n forth. Mebbe some even get into an asshole, but that's all! We keep watch that it don't go too far!"

I was beginning to feel horny myself and somewhat worn by the startling revelations I'd been submitted to. "Believe I'd better be getting on," I said to him. I signalled to Guard Jenkins the short distance away. He rose and brought the horses forward

"Thank you, Hannigan," I said. I couldn't bring myself to shake his hand

"If yore stationed in the guards' quarters, which I 'magine you are, I'll bring you up to date on some a our other goins-

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on. I gotta stay out here nother hour, then lead 'em all in—like a passel a young mustangs."

He turned back to watching the actions of his naked charges.

When I got back to headquarters, I checked in with the warden, who took his feet from the top of his desk and put aside the well-worn newspaper he was reading.

"Well, are you larnin' a few things 'bout how we got our discipline worked-out?"

"Yes. It's very interesting, and you have a very effective system."

He seemed pleased. "Thought you'd like it." He turned to gaze out the windows behind him, and I noticed that the drapes were now opened, giving a full view of the "parade ground" down the center of the buildings. One group of about fifteen or so prisoners—naked, dusty, carrying work implements, approached from the road off which I'd just come.

The warden turned back to me. "You've been takin' to our camp so well, I've assigned you to have a room in Hannigan's barracks, so's you kin talk further with him. He kin tell you about a few things more—or better still, show you. We're all proud of our fool-proof system."

"I appreciate your courtesy." I hesitated but decided to take the chance I wanted. I wasn't sure how many days more of this satanic kingdom I could take!

"Sir, I have one request. You've been obliging to let me talk with a guard. Would you also be so kind as to let me interview one prisoner—preferably one I might pick out?"

I added quickly, "This would be in the interest of showing how responsive your convicts are to their punishment—how

much they're gaining from it.

He studied me warily at first, then his face relaxed. He looked out the window again, watched the prisoners file into a work building, deposit their tools, and file out again to form a line in front of their guard. Then they all marched to wooden stands containing basins of water right in front of the warden's windows, where, in plain sight of us, they washed themselves, using their bare hands, all over, including their genitals and assholes. Occasionally one would glance at the warden watching them, but then quickly look away.

Again, none talked to any other, and the guard scanned them carefully while they did their clean-up, striking his switch against his thigh as he passed up and down behind or in front of them as they rubbed and rinsed, bent over and reached the various parts of themselves. If one seemed unnecessarily tardy, the guard would flick his switch against the back of their balls—where it would have its greatest effect—or on the tip of their prick where invariably the prisoner would cry out and try to protect himself from further assault. Through the open window, we could hear the guard berating them: "Come on, asshole, get a move on. Ain't got all day!" And, when they'd turned to complete their job of washing-down, he'd sting their ass with another biting lash.

Finally, as the last of them disappeared into their barracks for a rest period, I hoped, only then did I realize that they hadn't used soap to scrub the dust and sweat off themselves—and afterward not to dry-off with towels but simply letting the air dry their bodies.

I'd almost forgotten what I'd asked the warden, till he turned back and nodded to me. "I'll allow it. If'n you want to, you kin pick out someone who might strike yore fancy for

(Continued on page 36)

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Dear Larry,

I don't understand why you are so negative when guys write to ask about getting castrated. After all, if that's what they want, why should you tell them not to do it? I've been castrated for years, and I'm perfectly happy—much happier than I was before. Don't you think this is something a man should decide for himself?

J.C.
Boston

Dear J.C.,

My only concern in urging caution on people who think they want to be castrated is that, in many cases, the urge to have this done is stemming from the very part of their anatomy they are seeking to have removed. Once done, there isn't any way to have it undone. Like suicide, you only have one chance. If I tell the guy, "Sure, go ahead and do it. Here's the name of a doctor who'll take care of you," what do I say to him two years later when he comes to me and asks why I told him to take this step that has deprived him of... whatever? It's a terrible responsibility that I refuse to accept. I know of too many guys who have been castrated for medical reasons (usually for cancer) and I know how unhappy that it has made them. It's the rare bird who is happy without his eggs.

Dear Larry,

You have answered a couple of questions from guys wanting to know about stretching the balls, but you've never said anything (that I've seen) about enlarging the cock. There are a lot of things on the market that claim to do it, but I've heard that can cause damage. How about it?

Jim
Laguna Beach

Dear Jim,

This is an area when even the 'experts' do not agree. Every doctor I've talked to has told me that either 1) none of these devices is going to do any good, or 2) the difference will be so slight it isn't worth the time, expense and risk. On the other hand, I've had guys tell me (and show me) that they accomplished both a lengthening and 'fattening' of their cocks by using the pump-type penis enlarger. Of course, I only saw the 'after,' and had no way to compare what might have been there before they used the device(s). The danger in using a penis pump is the possibility of damaging the erectile tissue, including the tiny vessels that supply the blood. If you do damage these, the obvious result is going to be a big, limp sausage (assuming that you



have actually succeeded in enlarging yourself). I have to admit in all honesty that I really don't know the answer, and I suspect that the truth lies somewhere in the middle of the two camps. If you're careful not to overdo it and injure yourself, you might at least enjoy playing with the equipment. It's not very expensive, usually, so I'd say if you want to give it a try, why not? The one positive achievement I have seen with the pump is its ability to get a guy over a case of temporary impotence.

Dear Sir,

I am writing in response to the letter from "Underage" in CT. I applaud your serious and positive treatment of his situation—the more so because I have been in his position myself. Although I am now of legal age, I have to tell you that I went through a difficult period when I was younger, because most guys were afraid to take a chance on the legal consequences of having sex with me. I was able to make friends with a number of sexually active adults, including bartenders, by coming around during slack times, running errands for them, etc. I also found several organizations that were not concerned about age, such as Dignity, a religious organization whose members include priests who perform Mass on Sunday evenings, which is followed by a social. Although such organizations are not inherently geared toward making sexual contacts, it is one way to meet people. One last comment: GMSMA, which you mention in your response, is a social organization, and as such is open to those of all ages, not merely those over 18, as you imply. All that is required is some interest and an ability to listen. I am a member in good standing of this organization. As our literature specifically states, we are a non-agist group open to all interested parties.

C.B.
Brooklyn

Dear C.B.,

You wrote a rather long letter, which I cut down—hopefully without losing the important points you wished to

make. I know a number of people involved with GMSMA, and I have been impressed with their programs and general orientation. However, dealing with minors is a very sensitive issue. I doubt that GMSMA, or any other responsible organization, wants to be placed in the situation where they can be accused of proselytizing under age kids. I mean, what do you do if a 12-year-old wanders into your meeting? There has to be a point where you back off, for your own protection, if for no other reason. This is a dilemma that I have faced during my years working with gay organizations, and one in which I have been uncomfortable when I felt it necessary to tell the young person involved that beyond offering some advice, there wasn't anything I could do for him. At any rate, this was the point I intended to make in my earlier comments: i.e., in trying to answer the question of a specific individual, I was also attempting to make a general statement that would apply to others as well.

Dear Larry,

I live in an area where there just isn't any leather action. In fact, there is little male-to-male sex of any kind available. For financial and social (family) reasons, I can't move to the big city. I'm in my twenties and attractive enough that this is not the problem, but my balls are turning blue from lack of companionship. Isn't there some organization or advertising medium that can help me solve this problem? I can put up visitors with no problem, and God knows I'm willing to try almost anything. I do, at least, live in a scenic area, where some guys might enjoy coming on their vacations.

Lonesome in Wyoming

Dear Lonesome

There are so many guys in your situation (although many probably lack your physical attributes) that I can, at least, assure you there are loads of kindred spirits sharing your frustration. You might try getting in touch with T.A.I.L. (1130 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117) or InterChain (Box 410, 231 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011); both of these groups publish rosters of members, many of whom will travel, especially during the summer vacation periods. An ad in *Drummer* or *Advocate* may work for you. The best of all worlds is to be in the position of receiving personal 'referrals', and you should be able to develop some of these relationships if you take the time and trouble to engage in correspondence with guys who contact you through sources such as the above. □

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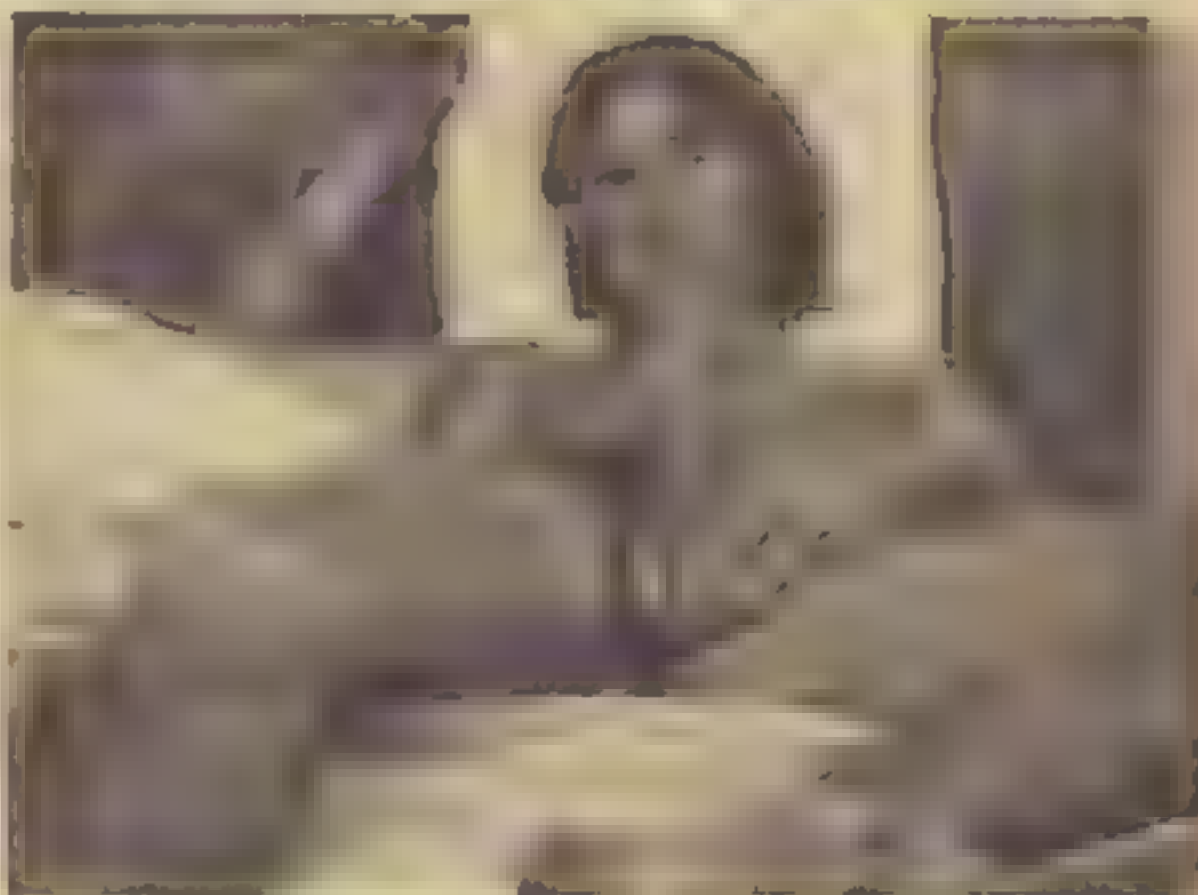
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(Continued from page 32.)

yore own use tonight. Ought to get enough talk outa him durin' that time. We don't like to give the prisoners too much chance to speak their mind— which is useless an' a waste of time. But guess it won't hurt fer him to mouth-off ta you— if'n you think you want to hear it. . . . Take yore pick a the one ya want at line-up."

He reached to a side drawer in his desk. "Here, take this dog-collar an' put it on the one you choose. He'll know what that means, 'n' 'll be ready fer you when you haul him outa his bed later to yore place."

I thanked him and gingerly accepted the dog-collar from him.

The warden called the sentry to him. "See that a guard shows this visitor to his room and has what he needs fer the night." He got up long enough to wave me on my way. "I'll see ya at evenin' line-up fer the whole camp after supper, 'n' we kin talk again tomorrow mornin' 'bout what else you'd like to do."

He sat down again to le surely survey the prisoners bathing themselves. A new group of them was heading toward us and the washbowls, which half a dozen other naked prisoners had by now emptied and refilled.

My room in Hannigan's barracks was small but comfortable— partitioned from the other rooms on either side. I threw myself down and, more tired than I'd realized, was asleep almost at once.

I was wakened an hour later by Hannigan opening my door and shaking me.

"Time fur supper. Our latrine, fur you and us guards, is through that door at the end a this buildin'. The prisoners, o' course, got open drains outa doors to stand up to— an' holes in wooden seats to sit down on— so's we kin watch 'em while

they piss or shit."

He chuckled. "If'n they ever thought they'd relieve themselves a somethin' more excitin' standin' up or sittin' down, they found out different!"

When I emerged from washing myself from the bowl in my room, I found Hannigan already standing in front of what I took to be a prisoners' barracks a couple of buildings away. Other guards were similarly assembling by their barracks, and, shortly at the sound of all the guards' whistles, the prisoners scrambled out of their barracks and began lining-up— stark naked as usual, and this time barefoot as well, without their boots— hands behind necks and heads down.

It was a disquieting yet strangely enticing sight— the prisoners so silent and obedient yet unable to fully control the cocks and balls which dangled or tossed or joggled as the case might be. While the guards roved up and down the lines, a number of cocks brandished slowly outward, and I tried to imagine the feelings of their owners.

When all the guards seemed satisfied, they each called to their own platoon, "All right, pack-together!" with which the men lowered their arms and scrambled from their positions in line to seize the waist of another prisoner and eventually, clumsily, fit themselves cock-to-ass crushed in back of the other so tight that I doubted whether a piece of paper could be squeezed between them.

Some choice in this was left to the prisoners, and I noted that most hurried around till they found what for them was a suitable partner to have in front or back of them.

Once in their close-packed formation, the prisoners remained silent, though I could perceive constant pressing, adjusting, backing, and jamming, with some low but cautious murmurs passing from one to the other. From my vantage point moving as I pleased from one group to the other, I could see that the front man— ass being pressed-in by the man's cock in back of him— had a hard-on in every case, but was prevented from putting his hands to his harried cock by a close-watching guard.

Finally, after a five-minute huddle, the prisoners were ordered to "Break Loose!" and when they did, all cocks were without exception hard and straight-out in front of them.

Hannigan passed me by to re-form his troop. "Told ya that they couldn't resist a hard-on. An' they can't do nothin' 'bout it neither!"


He continued on his way, idly flicking his crop at this or that stiff cock among the men who were now assembled in a straight line facing him. Some tried to duck-back from his viciously biting attacks, only to have him drag them forward— hands helplessly still high-up behind them— and aim an especially burning nip on the head of their extended cock which he pulled forward so as not to miss his aim. One man howled in real pain as Hannigan inflicted a particularly hard blow on him, but as he bent double in anguish, the guard stalked around to the back of the man and seized his balls to lash him time and again on them.

This was not an uncommon happening among all the platoons, and I surmised that this was "play time" for the sadistic guards.

At length, tiring of their cat-and-mouse games, the guards ordered the prisoners all to attention. Hannigan roared at his group: "All right, you ass-diggers, fall in a column to go eat chow." With his stick he briskly rapped the lead man's vaulting cock so that he flinched and scrambled to file on the run toward the mess-hall.

Then, taking up the rear behind the last prisoner, the guard sternly poked his crop from behind up against the end man's balls so that he scurried to keep up.

My lasting impression about the supper was that there was an abundance of fresh vegetables and little meat. The prisoners sat bare-assed next to each other and didn't talk. The



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guards sat at their own two tables at the head of the room, where I joined them, and were served by naked prisoners who brought food to them from the kitchen.

I could see through the open end of the room where the kitchen adjoined, that the cooks had nothing on down below, though they were permitted an apron down to the top of their pubic hair. Their cocks and balls flounced around while they worked at the stove and counters, and I saw their hands frequently fiddling with themselves as well as with the young assistants waiting on them and who were compelled to be completely nude.

The prisoners who waited on the guards' table—similarly stark naked—seem to have been picked for their uncommon good looks or exceptionally-endowed genitals. They were so near at hand that I was not a little distracted, especially by the one assigned to stand next to me in attendance, with his partially erect and very-ample cock inches away from my face. He was a strikingly attractive lad with the blond hair of his head bleached by the sun, as was the curly hair above and around his cock.

Since my eyes were at a level with his waist, I could see that though his graceful balls were lightly strewn with downy hair, his ass and crack were marble smooth; when he bent to pick up a spoon which dropped off the table, with his rump fully open toward me, I observed that he was hairless all around his pink asshole. He blushed as he turned around and returned to his post next to my hand and noticed my unabashed interest in staring at his unusually well-formed and beautiful cock and balls. As he stood there, not daring to bring his hands forward from their modest position in back of him, I saw his cock swell and leap forward despite himself—to thicken and grow still further before a guard next to me diverted him by ordering more of the main course.

At the end of the meal, the guards left the mess hall first.

There'd been little or no conversation at their tables—just stray comments about this or that work detail and what they'd accomplished—or about this or that prisoner.

Outside, after the meal, the prisoners lined-up again as they had before supper. But this time the warden made an appearance and briefly went up and down the lines of prisoners "in position" with hands behind necks and heads down. He said a few words to the guards in charge—I couldn't hear, but presumed it had to do with the next day's work or other matters of administration.

Hannigan came up to me. "I seen at your room where his honor gave you a collar to use on a prisoner. Better go get it. We're gonna have inspection and makin' our choice for the night pretty quick now."


I returned to my room and brought back the dog collar. I felt a bit foolish holding it, but found that each of the guards had produced his own and was now carrying it loosely while parading in front of his platoon.

At a signal from the warden, the guards commanded their men to turn around and take hold of ankles. This came as a surprise to me, as I'd simply expected a straightforward inspection from the front.

With great speed the men turned around, bare-assed toward us, and raised their backsides while they grasped hold of their ankles. All assholes were wide-open to our inspection, while the cocks and balls, hanging straight down, swayed and joggled as their owners held their position bent forward.

The guards proceeded to move from one prisoner to another, peering at assholes and genitals, giving a sharp tap on the balls with their riding crop as they finished. At that signal the prisoner, suppressing a cry as the cane stung his balls, released his grip on his ankles and stood up straight again.

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At the end of inspecting each and every one, the guards ordered them to turn around — faces front though pointed down as usual. Then the guards, as a collective group, strolled in front of all the prisoners, other platoons as well as their own, and studied the individuals. Occasionally, for their own reasons, the guards would toss a cock upward with the handle of their crop, or, going behind, would prod the crack apart in a prisoner's ass. As Hannigan had predicted, since this was now "choosing time," many cocks rose in anticipation of what everyone, presumably, hoped would provide relief.

I thought I should wait until the guards had made their choices, but used the time anyway to stroll about and see what the opportunities were. It wasn't hard, for the young blond prisoner who'd waited on me at supper table was my choice from the start. I'd kept my eye on him during the "hold-ankles" inspection, too, and was attracted again by the bewitchingly smooth ass he'd raised to my eyes and the alluring delicately-pink asshole without a hair around it. Only up toward the balls, as I could see in studying him from the back at leisure, did the hair begin — just a trace at the muscle below the balls and then finely but increasingly feathering over the large balls and base of the stalwart cock.

As he was ordered upright, with prominent cock and balls out front, framed by his by-this-time thicket of unbleached hair, I waited till the guards were in the process of "marking" their choices with collars fastened snugly around necks. Then I moved forward and put mine around his neck.

As I did so, he tried to look up at me, surprised by my clothing I suppose, being different from that of the guards. But, after a quick glance he ducked down again, recognizing me no doubt from the dining hall. I thought I detected a small smile of satisfaction and pleasure, not to speak of a little jump forward by his cock, in expectation.

The prisoners were dismissed to go to their barracks where they were allowed to talk among themselves for the space of half an hour. During that time, twilight drew on and each man was ordered to his bunk — the cot bare except for the one blanket and pillow. Since the weather continued oppressively hot, none of the prisoners used their blankets, but stowed them under their beds and lay bare. They were permitted to touch and handle their genitals, but the watchful guard who sat at the entrance made "rounds" frequently and saw to it that he put a stop to any activity which promised to "relieve" the prisoner.

As darkness approached, I walked through several of the prisoners' barracks to get an impression of their circumstances. Similar to when the men were out of doors, their cocks and balls were much in evidence — perhaps more so now that they were lying down and exposing themselves from either front or back, with legs spread apart or drawn up — and I could see that many had full pressing erections which they made no effort to hide (hopeless as it would be), though their hands had to pass over them and retreat before any consequence came of it. I felt for them, lasting-out the night, especially when, during sleep, the erections would increase, perhaps beyond their control. When I'd asked him earlier, Hannigan had replied that the guard stopped anyone "bringing himself off" whether awake or ostensibly asleep, but admitted that anyone having a "wet dream" — with hands obviously nowhere nearby — had to be allowed to finish the course once set by Nature.

I could imagine him bare, in full view to the guard — in blissful dreamland — if on his stomach, cock raging up the length of his belly — if on his back, cock straight up and throbbing. In his gyrations and churnings, to that moment of ecstasy which, in his sleep, was able to elevate him beyond his miserable surroundings, would he reach — at its height — for the volcanic and irrepressible cock, only to be awakened by

having his fingers rapped with a riding-crop? Worse still, would the ravishing exhilaration of his sleep be broken by having his cock itself switched crudely at the height of its rapture because his fingers were reaching toward it?

No matter. For now, the prisoners were awake, though dozing or staring upward or eyeing each other. I spotted a prisoner with dog-collar around his neck, with full hard-on, cock waving as his fingers stroked it—in anticipation? I wondered.

I hurried to find the young man of my choice and found him in a further barracks. I viewed him from a distance without announcing myself and decided, for now, to leave him alone and observe the way the guards conducted their "selections" to their quarters.

I was in time to see Hannigan approach a barracks while I was nearing it. He saw me and motioned for me to come with him. I did so, and we entered the barracks, with Hannigan going purposefully down the aisle between prisoners' cots till he came to the one where his "choice" lay. True to form, the prisoner's cock was brandishing itself just beyond the prisoner's fingertips, which seemed to please Hannigan. He strode forward and took the cock in the grip of his right hand, while grabbing the neck-collar in his left—and forcibly pulling the prisoner off the cot to a standstill upright on the floor. I noticed that the prisoner's field boots had been placed neatly beside the head of the bed.

The prisoner cried out as he was yanked so abruptly from his reclining position, and he whimpered as Hannigan continued to hold him roughly by the cock and by the collar. "All right, you son-of-a-bitch," Hannigan said. "Follow me."

He fastened a chain to the dog-collar and none too gently towed the hapless prisoner behind him out of the barracks. Other prisoners watched silently. The man being dragged behind Hannigan stumbled and, once, almost fell, but at a curse from Hannigan and brusque tug on his collar, he righted himself and struggled along afterward. His cock, at the start stiff and swaying, had reduced and was now tumbling loosely as he hurried to keep up with Hannigan.

I followed at a reasonable distance. Once out of doors, Hannigan relaxed his hold on the chain and dropped back to be just a step ahead and sometimes beside the prisoner. I saw him stop for a minute and pass his hand over the firm rounded buns of the prisoner, then to the front of him where he held the cock and balls in his hand while saying something to the man. He held the cock so long—or perhaps it was what he said—that the piece of meat bulged outward from Hannigan's hand and burst forth in full strength. Hannigan laughed and squeezed the cock and stroked it while it strained to its utmost.

A second later they continued on their way, this time with the cock upright, swinging strenuously with each step of the prisoner, and Hannigan striding forward in apparent eagerness to reach his barracks. He noted me in the background and said, "Come in an' I'll show you a thing or two what to do with these scumbags."

I'd been about to turn back for my own "choice," but obeyed his request and followed them into Hannigan's room. There, without further ado, Hannigan proceeded to take off all his clothes except guard's cap and boots. In spite of myself, I couldn't help but admire his thick long cock, surrounded by a forest of dark hair, with great dangling balls covered with their own mat of coarse hair.

He'd left the prisoner still on chain standing terrified beside the bed, his cock hanging loose, his arms and chest shaking with repeated tremors.

"Okay, shithead, down you go," announced Hannigan, grabbing the prisoner's head and shoving it and the man's shoulders downward to the floor. "Kneel in front of me!"

The man shook worse than ever on his hands and knees.

When he looked up at the giant cock swaying above him, in his fear he rattled the chain that held him.

"Now I want you to lick these boots a mine till there ain't a speck a dust on 'em!" Hannigan shoved a heavy boot under the prisoner's face and pushed the man down onto the shoe. The prisoner began licking and continued until he'd made every bit of both boots clean.

Hannigan lay down on the bed. "You see these balls. You're to lick 'em—like you enjoy it!—then do the same for my cock—but not in any hurry!"

He swung his legs over the edge of the bed so that the prisoner could kneel on the floor beside the bed and do his licking between the legs. Hannigan held onto the man's hair while that one applied himself, licking rapidly. Soon the balls were glossy with saliva pasting down the black hairs.

From there the prisoner began at the base of the heavy cock and licked around and up it steadily toward the crown. As he progressed, the cock came to life, expanding outward and upward.

While it soared and the prisoner went in circular motions around its very tip, Hannigan abruptly pulled him off it. He raised both legs, boots still on, till his asshole came into view, topped by the now-drying glistening balls.

"My hole needs the same treatment," Hannigan fingered his own balls and stretched his cheeks apart, settling farther onto his back, with his seat upright so that all of his crotch and asshole could be reached.

"When you get to that asshole," he commented, "I want to feel you inside there with your warm wet tongue, not only makin' it clean but lovin' it!"

I watched the prisoner sweep the whole area wetly and then probe deep inside the asshole. I wondered if it was foul-smelling or -tasting, yet the prisoner only hesitated momentarily, then went on without halt.

"All right, fucker. I'm gonna stand up, an' yore gonna take my cock in your mouth an' down yore throat and suck like you never sucked before."

The man knelt upright before the hefty guard and, with some difficulty, swallowed as much cock as he could manage.

"More!" Hannigan roared, jerking the prisoner's head forward by the chain.

The prisoner almost gagged, but recovered and bent forward to take in still more of the monstrous dick. When Hannigan seemed satisfied, he bobbed the prisoner's head up and down and the prisoner began sliding the cock in and out and mouthing it with lips and tongue.

When I thought Hannigan must surely cum, since his great balls were now tight to his crotch and he was groaning mildly in pleasure, he suddenly slapped the prisoner's head and pulled his distended tool out the man's mouth.

"On the bed with you," he commanded. He reached down to the man's balls and heaved him summarily onto the bed where he placed him face-away from him in a dog's position. His fiery cock strained forward and he spat on his hand liberally and spread the saliva all over the head and shaft of it. While the prisoner whimpered and pulled away, and his cock and balls shriveled in fear, Hannigan slapped him roughly, yanked him back, and centered his cock-head in the midpoint of the prisoner's asshole.

He stroked the hairs around the hole and reached forward and fondled the prisoner's balls and cock until they loosened and swelled somewhat. "Now, shithead, this'll be easy if'n you jest relax and think about nothin' but suitin' me. Yore not worth my takin' the time with, except to do everythin' possible to give me pleasure and let me have my way."

While talking, he pressed his cock-head relentlessly into the asshole. The prisoner squirmed and gasped, but Hannigan kept on. Suddenly the whole head was inside with a plop and the prisoner shook through his whole body. But Hanni-

gan moved inflexibly onward, sliding the steel-hard shaft in and out of the hole which I could see from where I stood was now, because of the width of the giant cock, enlarged to several inches across, and the saliva which was lubricating the hole exuded dampness onto the surrounding hairs.

When he had the whole thing in and the prisoner's face was contorted, Hannigan reached under and took hold of the prisoner's cock and massaged it until it was firm and stuck out full length itself—propelled no doubt by the weighty mass of cock-flesh sliding turbulently against his prostate.

"Now I permit you to do yoreself if'n you want to, while I go ahead," Hannigan remarked with what I suppose was a show of kindness. He continued to fuck, sometimes bringing the head to within a shade of coming out of the hole, but then pushing inward again and driving full-length. He stroked the prisoner's upper back and buns and occasionally the compact balls just ahead of his slamming cock.

I was glad to see the prisoner follow the invitation to "do" himself, which he did by grasping his cock and massaging it rapidly as the piston-strokes continued up his ass.

Finally, Hannigan had had enough even for him. I judged that, on these nightly liaisons, he wasn't a man to cum quickly. With a moan and sudden bellow, he breathed hoarsely, "I'm comin'! I'm comin'!" The in-and-out motions turned savage and pitiless and with one last lunge deep inside the prisoner he gasped and threw his whole body against the asshole.

Overwhelmed by the ravaging onslaught, the prisoner yelled out and struggled wildly to free his high-held rump, but Hannigan proved too much and simply hugged the man tighter to him. As the interior motions subsided, the prisoner picked up the rhythm and desperately began jacking himself again. Faster and faster he went—roused, in spite of himself, by the great brute mass gorging his being—and then rearing

himself up like a bronco with his master on his back—and still inside him—he came too—with gobs of white semen hurling itself onto his stomach and the sheet beneath.

Hannigan let the man finish and recover his breath while he remained inside the hole. Finally, satisfied, he pulled his cock out, some semen of his own coating the prisoner's asshole and the hairs surrounding it.

He shoved the prisoner, still on the bed and on all fours, down toward the semen scattered about on the sheet. "Lick it up an' be quick!"

The man went after every spot he could see and wiped it up with his tongue. When he'd finished, he turned his head warily toward the guard, seated now on a chair near the bed and contemplating the man's crotch and asshole while he worked on the sheet. "Stay there awhile," he instructed. "I want to see yore balls an' cock get outa their uproar, 'n my cum dribble outa yore hole."

So the prisoner stayed on his hands and knees and looked downward while Hannigan surveyed him from the lips of his asshole to the slit in his cock. Gradually both parts of him subsided. Hannigan rested and yawned and amused himself by playing with his own semi-erect cock. I waited patiently, wondering how to get away gracefully.

Finally, Hannigan leaned forward and stroked down the crack of the prisoner's rump, rested on the quiescent balls, and tweaked the limp cock hanging forward. "Yeah, you was all right. Not bad 't'all. Though it were yore duty to see that you was okay." He slid his fingers along the man's balls and massaged them till the cock began to grow again. "Yeah, I may drag ya over here again sometime. Dependin' on how I feel."

He slapped the man's ass. "On yore feet. Time to go back to yore restin' spot."

I took advantage of the situation. "I'd better go now too."

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"Yeah. Treat yore prisoner like I did an' you'll be all right."

I left them with Hannigan's man turning around slowly, peering up at the guard for instructions, and having the guard pull him off the bed by the chain.

Since I'd used up some of my time at Hannigan's room, I hurried to the barracks where my "choice" was located. I signalled to the guard as I entered that I was after the prisoner of my selection and held up the chain in my hand to be attached to the collar. He nodded and watched me as I walked to the bed of my prisoner.

He was stretched out on his stomach sound asleep, and I almost hated to awaken him, suspecting what kind of laborious day he'd had. But I knew I had no recourse otherwise, having gone past the guard with my chain. I gazed on the sleeping form, taking a moment to dwell on the perfectly rounded buns, the muscular but shapely legs stretched apart, the curved back reaching up to broad shoulders, and, between his legs, the graceful bunched balls and the slightly lengthened cock which stretched down past the balls.

I smoothed my hand over the buns, letting my fingers trail into his crack. He sighed and moved one knee farther up and out, so that his balls now rounded-out fully to the view and his cock gave a little bound further downward. I reached and touched the downy hairs on his balls, even dropping a finger onto the lengthened cock. He stirred again, and his cock lengthened and the balls seemed to tighten in expectation of further touch.

Since my time was abbreviated, I sat down on the edge of the bed and stroked more firmly from the balls up his crack past his asshole. With that he breathed quickly, choked down a cry, and turned over toward me. The cock which had been subdued beneath him, sprang upward, and I couldn't help but notice at such close range the unusual thinness of the blond hair which nestled above the cock and edged only slightly onto the balls. My mind's eye from the evening inspection recalled the enticing asshole, tender and pink and naked of hair around it. I couldn't resist passing my hand down his smooth chest and letting it rest in his pubic hair just touching the base of his cock.

A worried frown creased his forehead, and his eyes turned fearful. "You've come for me."

I told him I had, but added in a whisper that I wouldn't hurt him—that he was to come quietly with me and that he'd have to let me put the chain onto the collar, otherwise we might not get past the guard at the door.

He nodded. I noticed that, what with the continued stroking of his chest and pubic hair, he now had a full erection and, as he stood before me letting me put on the chain, he also seemed glad that—unable to resist—I reached down and caressed his handsome cock. All the way to the door and past the watchful guard, the upright cock jutted-out, elevated and bobbing. I took him outside, glancing back to see that he was comfortable in spite of the gear attached to his neck.

A little further along, I dropped back and went side by side with him. His cock was still extended, stretching forward, if anything, more fiercely.

I took his hand which he clasped with mine against his naked side as he moved, and I became excited just by the touch of him, the smooth flawless skin, the nearness to the erectly beautiful cock. Once along the way, I stopped us both and drew him to me, his rampant cock crushed against my legs, my hand cupping his sensitive balls, the other hand smoothing his shoulders and back. We kissed and he seemed to melt into me. Such, I thought, was the result of a little tenderness. Something Hannigan would never know.

At my room I removed the chain, though not the collar, in case anyone should intrude on our scene. He seemed eager to take my cock into his mouth and savor it. He almost

brought me to a speedy cum. But I was relishing it too much, and so I prevented him—and, instead, serviced him in like-fashion. His balls and cock were sweet to my taste—fresh from their washing at afternoon cleanup—slightly musky in fragrance from the short evening sleep he'd had. His cock never lost its hard-on from the moment I picked him up at the barracks to the time we both ran our course.

After tonguing and kissing and fondling each other—an exploration which took us all over the other's body—I put him on his back, had him raise his legs backward, and put saliva on the rosebud asshole framed in its creamy skin. I lay down on top of him. Only now did he stimulate his hard-on by massaging his cock pointed back toward his chest while I pressed my own large and eager cock into his hole. He winced slightly because my cock is thick and long and was by now rampantly erect and straining, but once the head was inside, he relaxed and let me drive in and out while he increased the tempo of his massage. We came almost at the same time, myself a slight bit ahead of him. He, as rapturous as I, contracted his asshole around me in joy of union while I came, and a moment later shot his own load. When he came, I bent down and sucked the semen into my mouth. It was as sweet in taste as he had been in body aroma.

Afterward, we lay in each other's arms a long time, fondling each other, loving the feel, taste, and man-odor of each other, conversing quietly. He told me his name was Eric, and he'd been at the "farm" three years, ever since he'd reached manhood at twenty-one—on a charge of killing the cruel uncle who'd brought him up. Therefore, he'd never leave the "farm" and dared not rebel against the inhuman treatment day after day—he said it with tears in his eyes.

I told him of my long journey through the West to uncover injustice where I could in order to report it and help in its eradication if possible. My heart had sunk as I heard his story—so unlikely of alleviation under the present system of "imprison 'em and forget 'em." But he seemed to take some encouragement just hearing of my aims and in turn told me things which I could never have found out from the guards or the warden.

He let me know that I was not the first to "use" him, although I'd thought perhaps I was, he was so tight and unblemished. He said that he had not had many masters because, he thought, they wanted more fiery, aggressive partners—whom perhaps they felt they subdued more markedly. He admitted that it was daily and nightly torture not to get enough relief. His cock was either at half-mast or full-mast most of the time which he couldn't do anything about—and the other men had left-off joshing him about it since they'd gotten used to seeing it up all the time.

He told me confidentially that the guards "used" the prisoners more in the field than anyone knew. The other prisoners were afraid to tell. The warden wouldn't have cared, if he had known—as long as discipline remained undisturbed. I made a note to report that in my final accounting to the public.

When a guard wanted a prisoner—and the guards changed every day so as to make it less tedious to them, even if the prisoners themselves continued on one job to its completion—the guard would simply wander over to the naked and defenseless prisoner, make his wishes known, and fool around with him until the man was aroused. Shortly, the prisoner would be ordered to cock-suck or submit to fucking—right at the work place. He was, after all, naked and therefore, in the guard's eyes, available and "asking for it" by just having everything out front and showing erotically as he was! No one reported it; no one tried to prevent it. It was simply a fact of the bondage they were all in—a helplessness that wasn't far removed from slavery!

He told me that Hannigan was one of the worst-liked

guards, partly because of his more-than-usual callousness, partly because his enormous cock almost did injury to the prisoners whom he fucked. The man seemed to be an *épais*, a horny and rarely missed a night with a different prisoner. He asked variety instead of just one. He probably would have fucked Prescott at the vegetable garden that afternoon, on the pretext of punishing him for his slight misdeed, if the warden hadn't brought me there on a visit. He seemed to feel it was his due to rough-up the prisoners by day, yet still demand his "pound of flesh" each night.

Eric went on to say that prisoners with good behavior were given a rotation of kitchen or mess hall duty, in turn about every three months, and that was what he was on presently. He said that it was considered good duty because of the freedom from hard outdoor labor, but the hours were early before daybreak and late after nightfall—and a prisoner like himself who might be considered good-looking had to put up with not only persistent fondling of his genitals and buns by the permanent staff in the kitchen—the cooks who had honored place because they knew how to cook well—but also by other prisoners on mess hall duty who, for a period, were more free of watchfulness by guards. Just one guard manned the mess hall and, distantly, the kitchen, so there was more unbridled activity in both rooms.

The cooks, who had nothing to cover their totally bare backs, and aprons at their fronts only down to their bellies, believed that they were in command of the place—and required obedience in everything, including sex, from the temporary prisoners on duty there. A person like himself could hardly go into the kitchen, baby-faced as he was, without a cook "feeling him up" and, more than likely, expecting him to go on further to whatever the cook wished.

This was further exacerbated during the meals themselves by the guards indulging in their whim of pulling on one's cock while one was waiting on their tables—and of course always as a signal that they wanted more food for a second or third serving. Then, one's cock was always erect and often, by the end of the meal—seeing as how there were twenty guards—on the verge of shooting off. It was difficult to keep one's cock down just seeing the guards approach their tables while one was naked and had to go forward to wait on them! The devilry began even before they sat themselves down!

As for the warden, he had a new "helper" every week—presumably, again, for "lighter" duty. But the warden, too, was inclined toward "mastering" his subservients, so when a prisoner would be working around the "master's" quarters, naked as usual, he found himself throughout the day subject to as much as, if not more than, the guards *did*! At night, moreover, he required that the prisoner sleep on the floor beside his bed, to give instant attention if he should wake up and be in need of anything.

Eric continued, telling how difficult it was being naked all the time and having the guards continually look at their erections or up their assholes. He himself wasn't able to keep his cock down because the sessions of relief were so infrequent.

I asked him about the prisoners' "sessions," and he replied that the men who were the strongest or who had been there longest and knew their way around, tended to lord it over the younger or newer and less muscular ones.

A session began with the prisoners being herded, naked as always, by two or three guards into the mess hall. The dining tables (rough wooden affairs) were left where they were as for meals, and prisoners were allowed to use them for sexual activities—or else the floor—or standing or kneeling.

There was little time to waste, as the guards permitted only an hour, which was about all the time-span their limited attention could manage—besides their wanting to exert limits—"discipline" or "mastery"—even over this "relief"

outlet.

A prisoner usually began by pumping himself—in sight of the guards and the other prisoners—and one could go on jacking himself until he shot-off or, as he got better acquainted with the other men, of having mutual masturbation with another prisoner. What was now happening more and more to Eric himself, since he seemed attractive to a great number of prisoners—was that one or the other would approach him at the very start—when he might just be massaging himself to get started, and they'd invite him to join them in whatever they mutually wanted. Prisoners weren't allowed to "gang-fuck," so there was no danger of that—under the guards' keen eyes—but still, Eric confided, he would have liked more real affection—love if ever possible—though it wasn't likely, given the circumstances.

By the time an hour had gone by, the mess hall was always a sight, with hard cocks on everyone, some prisoners lying down, some standing, some kneeling, some sucking or being sucked, some simply embracing and fondling or leading more slowly up to the final action. The guards invariably got their own hard-ons, noticeable under the bulging uniforms, but were strictly disallowed interfering with the prisoners' "session" because of the consequences on general discipline and the whole scheme which had been built up to keep the prisoners in line. But nothing could keep those guards from sauntering around the action-packed room, eyeing those of interest to themselves, sizing up—Eric was certain—those prisoners whom they'd choose for themselves later.

At the end of Eric's narration, I felt as if I had a good inside-view of the situation at this prison. Shocking as it was in most ways, and surprisingly lenient in others, I resolved that I would duly inform the public when my travels ended.

Because of my young friend's early-morning duty at the mess hall, I felt that I couldn't constrain him to linger in bed with me, even though my heart ached for him to remain. I told him so, and, with tears in his eyes, he concurred that it had been one of the happiest moments of his life—and he would willingly continue all night and into other nights if it could be allowed. But he finally agreed, after kisses and embraces, that we must part.

I attached the chain to the collar and led him, sadly, back to his barracks. The guard at the door scowled at our lateness, but let us through, and I deposited my friend on his cot after removing the collar and chain.

Through final tears, he smiled at me, not speaking for fear of rousing suspicions or envy from the naked sleeping prisoners on either side of him—or the guard attentive to our every move from his post at the door. But in the dim light I dared for a moment to sit beside him and caress his sturdy though still youthful chest, his silken-haired groin, his cock rearing slowly but intently as I felt it, his balls undulating sensitively to my touch.

I tore myself away and strode back to my room.

Next morning I gave my appreciation to the warden for extending his courtesies of the place.

He saw to it that I had breakfast at the mess hall at the guards' table, where, unhappily, though as I might have expected, I had to abide seeing Eric yanked by the cock, having more than one hand pressed into his ass-crack, and I had no doubt more than one finger delve into his hole which I'd come to know so intimately and dearly. But he bore it all and even gave me a farewell though desolate smile as I departed.

I looked back from the doorway to have a fleeting last impression of his manly young body—cock straight in front of him, hurrying around the guards' tables, his full buns rippling and his ripe balls swinging. Then he was gone toward the kitchen, and I set out for the front gate and my next mission. □

CONTRAP

The *Drummer* Survey revealed a lack of interest in this column. The editor felt that it served a need for men in prison, so it will continue, but on a quarterly basis.

Rena B. Jones, 29078, Box 128, Eddyville, KY 42038. B/Bi, 28, 5'7", 145 lbs. Gets out in 1984. Into singing, music, jogging, chess and cooking. Will answer all mail. Race Immaterial.

Claude Osborne, 19411, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. G/W, 22, 6'1", 180 lbs. Gets out in 1983. Wants to share love.

Chuck Oatman, Lancaster County Prison, 625 East King Street, Lancaster, PA 17602. W/G, 30. Out in 1 1/2 years. Into SM, bottom, bondage, "and all the rest."

Robert Owen Madaus #48594, Camp 26, Parchman, MS 38738. W/G. Wants correspondence.

Edward Surratt #066373, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. W/G, 22, 5'5", 125 lbs. Feminine and passive. Likes sports, music, art. Wants correspondence.

Charles Duncan #49913, Camp 25, Parchman, MS 38738. 25, 5'10", 160 lbs. Needs pen pals.

Dan Goodrick #13304-A, Box 14, Boise, ID 83707. W/G, 21, 5'2". Very versatile, also enjoys stamp collecting, poetry and art. Needs correspondence from "kindred spirits."

Robert T. Avera #D-025279, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. W/G, 25, 5'10", 160 lbs. Wants correspondents.

David W. Brooks #073509, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. No particulars. Wants correspondents.

John Robert Harris #164-066, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. B/G, 5'11", 150 lbs. No family or friends, wants correspondents.

Jimmie L. Wilamson #031845, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. B/Bi, No age given, 5'9", 160 lbs. Is into weightlifting, poetry. Wants correspondents.

Fred J. Morrill #061462, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. B/G, 21, 6'1", 175 lbs. Has been incarcerated since 16, is lonely and has no one. Wants correspondents.

Curtis Ralston, #9576, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064. W/G, 23. Goes to the board in June 1983. Originally from Cleveland, wants friends.

Paul W. Scott, #071615, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. W/G, 20, 6', 185 lbs. On death row and has had no correspondence for a year and a half, wants to establish a friendship.

David Wayne Brooks #073509, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. W/G, 20, 5'10", 155 lbs. Interested in art, reading, music—and people. Will answer all letters.

Robert Prester, 165-800, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. B/G, 30, 5'9", 160 lbs. Into handball, hiking, swimming, chess and poetry. Wants to establish a friendship.

Steven Goss #072816, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. W/G, 19. Wants a long term relationship with an older man.

Eveart Carline #059275, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. W/G, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs. Nickname, "Smiley." Wants correspondents.

William Pallett #11477, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. W/G, 30, 6'1", 170 lbs. Lonely artist, specializing in Oriental paintings, wants correspondents.

Jay Smith, #149-239, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. W/G. Lonely, wants correspondence. No personal particulars given.

Daniel Freier #21281, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. W/G, 20, 5'11", 135 lbs. Reads *Drummer*. Blond, wants to be loved, will be released in 1983.

Jerry Ferrell, #164-870, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. W/G, 28. Wants correspondence, will answer all.

Dan Hanthorn, #165747, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140. W/Bi, 27, 5'10", 160 lbs. Intelligent, does not want to hear from women, wants to have someone to write to.

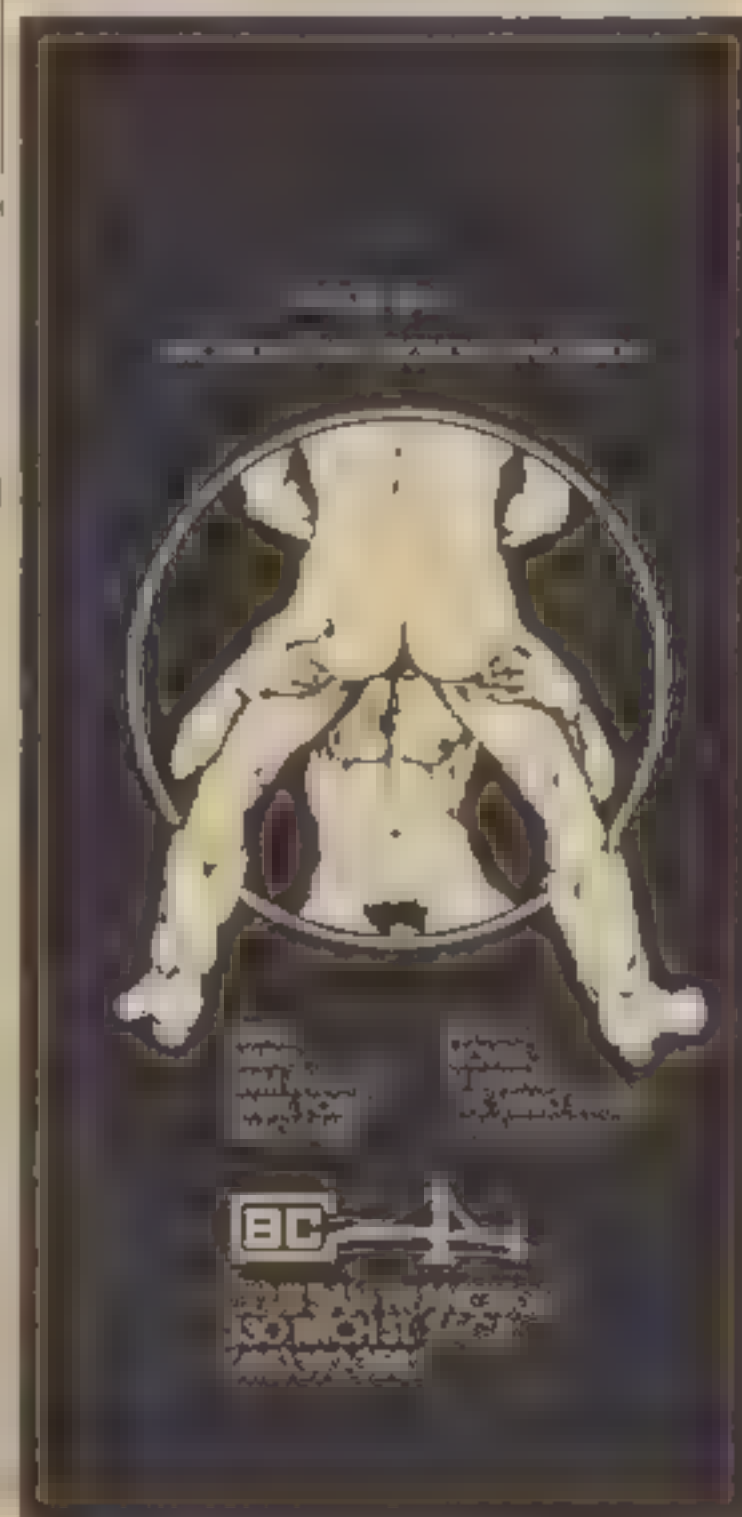
I got a letter from San Antonio, Texas, from an ex-con who met a man as a result of this column. They corresponded while he was in prison and upon his release he went to this new friend. They have become lovers and, like most love relationships, they find that they have to work at it every day. This relationship will help to keep him from ever going back to prison.

Go into the correspondence with a convict as an emotional and sharing proposition with no real expectations. In time you may find yourself involved, totally, with another human being.

— Jay Bates



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W/M 40 WITH BEARD

Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interested in C/B, T/T, FF Attitude and willingness to experiment more important than looks Box 3106

FACESITTERS/MASTERS

German urinist-pig 31/6'1"/190 lbs wants to make his fantasies real w th a real S.F. TOP I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night S/R Also available for Privat-Clubs and m willing to work for my Master S/R Please send me the date I will come to S.F., S/R Don't forget overseas airmail postage Box 3481

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SAN FRANCISCO BOOTS

I live, sleep eat and love to fuck with black leather boots The heavier and the taller the better I am a demanding and very goodlooking bootmaster and I expect my boots to be well serviced Am especially into loggers and engineer boots Will also gladly accept your new and worn boots for wearing! If you wish to serve me or maybe be served contact me Photos with reply receive same Box 3491

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet-even intelligent experienced in S&M Expert at balancing pleasure with pain Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits I don't just assume a dominant role—I am sadistic, dominant and no amateur Roger (415) 864-5566

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M bondage, face-sitting, raunch, tit cock & ball torture, piercing But you trip your way Travel Am 41 5'11" 150# Versatile Send photo, phone letter to P.O. Box 5906 S.F. CA 94101

WANTED

Hot, horny well put-together L bran 35 5'8" 135 lbs 8" cut has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equal y intense & k-m-m-ded MEN Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top Photo brings photo Tightropes, 795 Buena Vista West #4 San Francisco CA 94117

GOODLOOKING DADDY & BOY

Daddy 33, 6'7" 180#— Boy 26 6' 150# Want to meet other Daddies and boys We are into three ways or separate into FF, W/S TT spanking Send letter w/photo (if poss) to Dwayne & Steve, 470 Castro #3394 San Francisco, CA 94114. All letters answered

LEATHER UNIFORMS

Hot guy looking for leather/uniform jack-off buddy Must be into gloves boots and cigars J m (415) 673-1284

ENEMAS

Discipline, given by affluent, experienced middle-aged father figure to clean shaven, short haired modest son 18-25 only Stephen (415) 339-8581

BONDAGE BOTTOM WANTED

Wanted GWM bottom 28-35 yrs old into bondage and submission May lead to long term relationship Novice or experienced Scenes include light to complete bondage in leather and/or rope C/B and tit work, shaving and other sensible ideas No whipping or heavy pain Picture with letter guarantees reply Box 32616 San Jose 95132

RAZOR BUDDIES WANTED
Swap crotch shaves, cewcuts & imaginative fucks. W/hot-looking trim. W/Man Photo gets mine Write SLICK, P.O. Box 4161 San Francisco 94101

SATANIC MASTERS, SLAVES
Wanted for the ultimate evil pleasure Box 3545

WANTED
HOT, HORNY BLACK MALE
Handsome, blond, blue-eyed, White Aryan German male, 43 5'11" 160 lbs wants hot looking hard muscled heavy-hung, dominant Black macho hunk 35-45 to lay pipe in my tight cock-hungry White butthole. Possible long-term stable relationship. No fals. feds F/F, or S/M. Write with photo and phone Box 3604

CUTE, FRIENDLY
W M 30 5'11" b n b l, 155# musc. exer at gym, stable, intel, romantic. Seek other W/m's for frnd(s) dat ng, lover. I want to have fun and build solid frndshp(s) too. If interested let me about yourself Ron, 584 Castro #297 S F CA 94114

BUDDY HUNTING
I want a cop for a fucking buddy. Must be under 40, in good shape, and not into roles. You'll know where my ass is. I'll know where yours is. If you want it grab it. I'll do the same. I'm NOT into cop fantasies. I just like guys who are doing their thing instead of play acting. Photo appreciated Box 3598

ANY SINC "MATURE YOUNG"
Or "young at heart" left? I'm mature 50's, 160 5'7" slrt appearance. Love mutual aff caring sharing sk frnds/rel. You tall, short, slim, dark, light. Sinc only. Dick F. c/o 14744 Wash, lon Ave #114 San Leandro CA 94578 (415) 352 68-2

VERSATILE B/D, C/B W/S
Partners with equipped dungeon sought by a man with no limitations. Leather, rubber and uniforms great. Foto, Fone expedite 1st encounter Box 3579

SEVERAL GOOD M'S
Appeared. Need more very boyish smooth (or shavable) sons/ slaves new or used. Contact "Command n Officer" Drumbeats #59 The Colone Box 905 Redwood City CA 94064 415 593-9001 evenings

SLAVE WANTED
18-30 Few limits observed heavy S&M act on my way only. Write Boxholder P.O. Box 51786 San Jose CA 95151

FLEXING AND SHOWING
Off your muscles in bondage while another body builder teases and sensually torments you until you come again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected. Coll types preferred. Write to P.O. Box 5401 Oakland CA 94609

TWO LOVERS IN 30'S
Looking for threesomes. Your photo gets ours. 2892 Mil ar Av Santa Clara CA 95051

HOT BLACK MALE
21 6-2 195 Good looking ng, Goodbu it seeks WM, 18-40 for hot times. Loves to have ass played with. A so open to new ideals and experiments, SF (415) 558-9471

SEX SLAVE AVAILABLE
To super hung masters cops military into huge insertion toys enemas whips gags non stop fucking. 415 861-0349

LONELY, UNINITIATED
Older man seeks friend/instructor light

S&M San Francisco W M 5'11" 168 lbs W S w ng please write to G B

BAY AREA
BOTTOM SLAVE
6' 165 bs. WM Looking for dominant masculine Top/ Master into B/D W/S want to experience more. Request instructions with photo/ description Box 3577

HORNY LEVI MALE
Yreka WM 41 5'8" 175 lbs gets off on hot bulging crotches in 501's. My bulging crotch needs contact with same and relieved with downright sex. Prefer sincere, discrete and masculine men write and tell me about yourself and J/O fantasies. Possible friendship and eventual meeting. Box 3563

BEER DRINKING MASTER NEEDED
By WM 28 5'8" 130 lbs submissive pig. Sleazy beer drinking men of Any RACE AGE or SIZE, especially unwashed filthy-minded dominant druggy perverts fill me full of your hot piss while you train me to serve your body and mind and let me worship your funky dripping prick. Box 3561

6'2" BEARDED REDHEAD
180# sturdy developed body wants to be used for pleasure of sane muscular daddy FF B/D S M other imaginative abuse. Photo phone please Box 3559

READY TO SETTLE DOWN?
Daddy 42 6'2", 175 wants 20-26 smart guy as slave, houseboy lover. No drugs. Uncula + Total obedience. Open to all scenes. Box 3544

MALE SEEKS MALE LOVER
With stocky muscular thick thighs and large developed his, into girdles, corsets, nylons. I am sincere and discrete. Send picture and phone number to 537 Jones #5136 S F CA 94102

BOY NEEDS DAD
For piss feeding John Box 3310 Santa Clara, CA 95051

BOOYBUILDERS—WRESTLERS
W M 5'6", 145, into muscle worship pecs, biceps, armpits, sweat, J/ wrestling, testing strength. Seek big BB muscular small guys, blacks and orientals into flexing. P.O. Box 6655 San Francisco CA 94101

TESTICLE SLAPPING
Very light to intense mutual. Anxious to meet other who likes ball work as I do. 53 gorgeous bod handsome (415) 552 3243

ONE TIME AD
Slim attractive educated generous 44 year old master seeks mature slave for permanent position in small northwest town. You quiet, neat, obedient, healthy, honest, slim, loose, receptive rear. Will be caretaker, valet, yard boy, dishwasher, companion. No age/ race restrictions. Send application letter to box 3593. Will interview in SF LA Seattle

MEDICAL SADIST
Accepting applications for assistant with paramedical or similar background. Guinea pigs, scumbags, for heavy genital torture, inflations, shock therapy, experimentation required. Dr Guenther P.O. Box 5399 SSF CA 94080

TALL MEN WANTED
6'7" W M Wants to meet Daddies or Boys 6'6" or taller. I'm versatile. Some travel possible. Send letter stating height w/photo (if poss.) Box 3606

SATANIC MASTERS, SLAVES
Wanted for the ultimate evil pleasure Box 3545

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I want to fill you up with my desires or share yours, anytime, from anywhere we'll cum together.

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into girl come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage tortures, shaming, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master (213) 846-9486

HOT TOUGH HANDSOME M

6'1", 27 years, 175 lbs B athletic. Needs to be trained and dominated. Taught how to serve by hard experienced master. Leather cowboy rev. etc. Genuine only. Photo Box 3040

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3" - 40 - 190 into all scenes - complete game room - B D S M W S F F A. Leather Hoods - wax tits - etc 619-420-8967

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly "blue-collar" type W.M. 6'1"-232 lbs. trim beard, thinning hair, broad hairy shoulders, chest and back. Puffs a beer belly, cut 6 1/2" nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stony @ (213) 666-3208 (Silverlake) Box 10443 Glendale CA 91209

WANNA PLAY HANDBALL?

Let's trim our nails - sit on a hose - grab some Crisco and plow each other into ecstasy. I'm W.M. 5'8" 145# good-looking and masculine. P.O. Box 8942 Anaheim CA 92802. Photo will be returned if you want!

HORNY-WHITE-HOT

Seeks studs into fucking, rimming, sucking, etc. Does S&M W.S. Poppers, prolonged ass hole play versatile (top/bottom) AM 46, 180 lbs-6'1" beard-moustache-Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520

HOT RAUNCHY PLAYFUL

W/M. 30, 5'8" 130 goodlooking & trim, pierced lils, hairy chest, moustache and stubble beard. works out Seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into fucking, sucking, listing, piss, J/O spit, armpits, Crisco, hot wax, tit play, armpits, fun drugs, toys, greasy jockstraps, wet briefs, light faded levi 501s, ass-play torn underwear levi/leather, sweat, fantasies. Prefer bottom, but top/tradeoff also. Rough scenes or playful good times. Man-to-man, 3-ways or groups. Write w/photo if possible. BOX 121, 13624 SHERMAN WAY VAN NUYS CA 91405 Yeah! Hot Fun!

SHORT BALD LEVI GUY

50 oral slave, will serve guys with suitable place in return for bare bottom discipline with leather belt or strap. Truckers, cops, leathermen especially welcome. Box 3581

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience, loyalty, development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or helpless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth, understanding and necessary discipline, then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few: chiefly house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition, so follow your instincts. Submit photo, address and phone. Box 3581

W/M 24, 5'2", 95 lbs

Seeks goodlooking loving goodlooking boy 18-25. Appreciate photo. Box 3582

HUSKY ACTIVE MASTER 33

7' seeks young built hung slaves your pad. Especially Latins, Asians, uncuts, moustaches, tattoos. Answer all Tom Lavelace, 6520 Selma #420M, Hollywood CA 90028

SINCERE FRIENDS NEEDED

By W M 27 Kirk Box 45514 LA CA 90045

BONDAGE

Hot bondage slave needs serious bondage master for total control by rope, steel, leather. Will submit to all bondage: immobilization, isolation. W M 29 160# 6' Travel Boxholder P.O. Box 29444 Los Angeles, CA 90029

MIDWILSHIRE BOY

Needs hot top. Trainable T/T cbl, no scal. 11 29, blond, blue, 160 lbs, 6ft. Answer all, photos, phones first. Box 3553

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YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs old 5'6", 130 lbs. Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body - Seeks slave(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slave(s) who seek less perminate service. Forward detailed letter w/photo to Lord Stephen, Box 352 Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352

USED JOCKS SHORTS/JEANS

Worn by Heavily Hung Studs & their pics. Send SASE to Box 5191 El Monte CA 91734

PERMANENT POSITION AVAILABLE

For apprentice house slave/son. Must be masculine in appearance. Submit

live, and obedient. Prefer age 30-40. Submit detailed application with full length photo to P.O. Box 8032 Palm Springs CA 92263

LOVEPEACESEX FROM BUDDY AND MATTHEW!

OVER 30

W/M 22, 6', 145, smooth athletic body very straight looking, searching for hairy, heavy-set Greek active over 240# L.A. San Bernadino & Orange Counties. Chris W. son Box 3405 Ontario CA 91761

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Near Barstow 3- hours from L.A. being developed. Tops/bottoms, what are your needs, equipment, preferences, deas? Playroom in a boxcar, underground rooms. Hard labor now for sons slaves, bottoms. HEXA DRANCH Box 6269, Torrance CA 90504

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Tal Dad will take down your pants and spank your hide. Be with him Cal. (213) 382-8600 or wri Bx 74303 LA CA 90004. Would like dad's boy or pt time slave as well.

L.A. STUDIO

6'165 sks master for S M & torture of big uncult C.B.s Box 5191 El Monte CA 91734

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After a mad chase through the meadow
 they had a picnic under the big
 willow tree. The children were
 very happy and enjoyed the
 picnic very much.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved. It is important to gather all relevant information and to define the problem clearly.

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions, both incoming and outgoing, to ensure transparency and accountability. It emphasizes the need for regular audits and the use of reliable accounting software to track expenses and income effectively.

2. The second section focuses on budgeting and financial planning. It outlines how to set realistic goals, allocate resources wisely, and monitor progress against the budget. This involves identifying key areas of expenditure and finding ways to optimize costs without compromising quality or service.

3. The third part addresses risk management and contingency planning. It highlights the potential risks associated with various business activities and provides strategies to mitigate them. This includes having backup plans in place for unexpected events and ensuring adequate insurance coverage.

4. Finally, the document concludes by stressing the importance of ongoing communication and collaboration between all stakeholders involved in the organization's financial operations. Regular meetings and reports are essential for staying informed and making timely decisions.

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looking hot, but you decide Recent

17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 1045 1046 1047 10

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Photo by Pat Costello



SADISTIC COPS ONLY

Goodlooking, well-built male seeks aggressive, no-nonsense cops who know how to lead cock kick ass and earn respect. Not interested in phones or play acting. Real cops only. Box 009

FT LAUDERDALE MASCULINE

mag native, dominant Master seeks together bottom studs into FF WS bondage S&M C&B/T piercing shaving etc. for 3-way within-houses ave. Can administer heavy discipline but limits are respected. No permanent damage. Demanding but considerate. Photo and mailing address a must. phone optional. Am 47 165 lbs 7' cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional but am a special delight for wide receivers. Box 158

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, stable, good looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training". Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phone number after application. Jake Box 130051 2260 NW 68th Ave Sunrise FL 33313

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE!

ATTRACTIVE BEARDED MASTER

38, seeks crotch piss slaves, who enjoy humiliation being used. Travel widely. Box 10274, Tallahassee FL 32302

SMALL TRIM LEATHER MASTER

Seeks slaves must be clean, discreet together into bondage toys, fadillas, humiliation, paddling. Bodybuilders football players—fantasy

dominance by smaller man? Daddy's boy—looking for Daddy? Nice ass a must. Phone and photo P.O. Box 7136 Ft Lauderdale FL 33338

HAIRY MACHO MEN

Wanted by Miami W/M 50 160# slim with that firm ass. If you're into hot sweaty funky rough, rugged sex write me telling me what you will do to me. Can travel and receive. Box 59

SLAVES

Applications for available slaves for extensive training in S&M by professional model and bodybuilder master. Applications must include photo qualifications and reason for consideration. No lems, drugs or fakes. Box 3605

APOLLO

Lifeguard bodybuilder. All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485

WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER

M wh, un36 some exper ltrsex slim or musc could re-locate educ mature S Wh 40 educ finan secure 6'3" 88 Handsome, completely masc & dom has full ltr & equip boots, toys for it to hvy S&M B&D VA, CBT WS GrA FrP Respect ltr but well expand them

M describe self & exper phone recent photos turn-ons & oils any limits to S Answer w/more info & specs. my pics. Plan me your area/ you visit S Fla Mr Sir Box 11816 Ft Laud FL 33319

BIG BLACK BEEF

Wanted by bearded, 165 lbs 5'10" white slave who needs hot sweaty

funky sex with black men WS B&D S&M oral and rear with rugged tough numbers. Box 2059

GEORGIA

—BREECHES AND BOOTS—

Seeking lean, submissive partner who wears English riding clothing and has a fetish for tall, light polished boots. I am booted and breeched top, white 60, 6 feet, 165 pounds. Into leather light S&M motorcycling, boot worship, uniforms and wearing riding clothing in public with similarly clad partner. Your photo gets mine. Near Chattanooga Box 3155

YOUNG SLAVES OR HUNKY MEN

May apply to a muscular real bodybuilder Master for all kinds of hot action scenes. A letter of application must include photo qualifications and physical data. Rewards for excellent service and limits respected. No lems or drugs. Macon Box 346

MS, WM, 36, 6

to B&D, S&M C&B, whips, toys, ois, Fr A/P Gr A/P 69, susp, 50+ levis and ball work. No FF scat WS drugs damage. Phone a must. Travel Box 3276

HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, listing, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S poppers, Levis, leather boots. Am 27 150 lbs 5'11" On with short brown hair brown eyes beard, moustache. No fals lems bracks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348

HOT HANDSOME MAN

5'11" 33 170 165 Seeks big cocks to beat, deep holes to FF Beat Piss in Tits to pierce, chew & shave—big dildo takers & hairy bodies a plus—TUL + U.S. & Europe. Your photo gets mine. Box 3547

MAN WHITE S1 BEARD

5'7" 150 well built masculine seeks older gentleman for lifetime photo please P.O. Box 54051 Atlanta GA 30308

ILLINOIS

ENEMA/ASS SLAVES

2 Masters seek hot "naughty boys" under 30 to comp ely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to total complete submission bondage humiliation and to accept spankings, dappers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And lots of old fashioned soapy enemas that will make you squirm beg cry. First-timers and novice welcome—limits respected. Send explicit application with photo for prompt reply. Box 3237

GERMAN MASTER

Hairy men in need of discipline apply to tough but caring German (handsome blond, blue, hung uncut). Photos are essential. Novices OK. P.O. Box 6262, Chicago IL 60680

CHICAGO, 28,

INNOCENT—LOOKING

5'11" slender defined intelligent top, looking for submissive over 40, hard and masculine man (312) 348-1849

LUVPEACESEX FROM BUDDY AND MATTHEW!

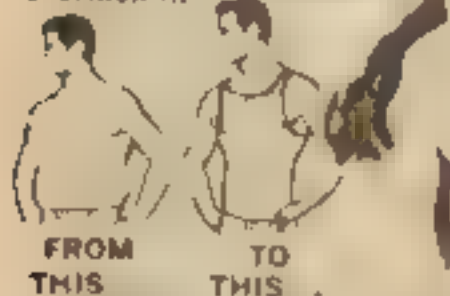
SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered proportions"

- SMOOTHS TORSO
- BUSTS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CIRCLES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra light, extra-comfortable long-line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smooths out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White or grey.

INSTANTLY HOLDS \$12.99 STOMACH IN!



FROM THIS TO THIS

R. S. Sales, Dept. 6572

1626 N. Wilcox, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

My chest is _____ inches (Exhale & measure chest)
SIZES: ☐ S (34-36) ☐ Med (38-40) ☐ Lg (42-44)
☐ XL 46-48 ☐ 2XL 50-52 Add \$ 50 for postage & handling. 6% Sales Tax. Add \$4.00 deposit. Allow 2 to 6 weeks for delivery. Worn, soiled or damaged items are nonreturnable.

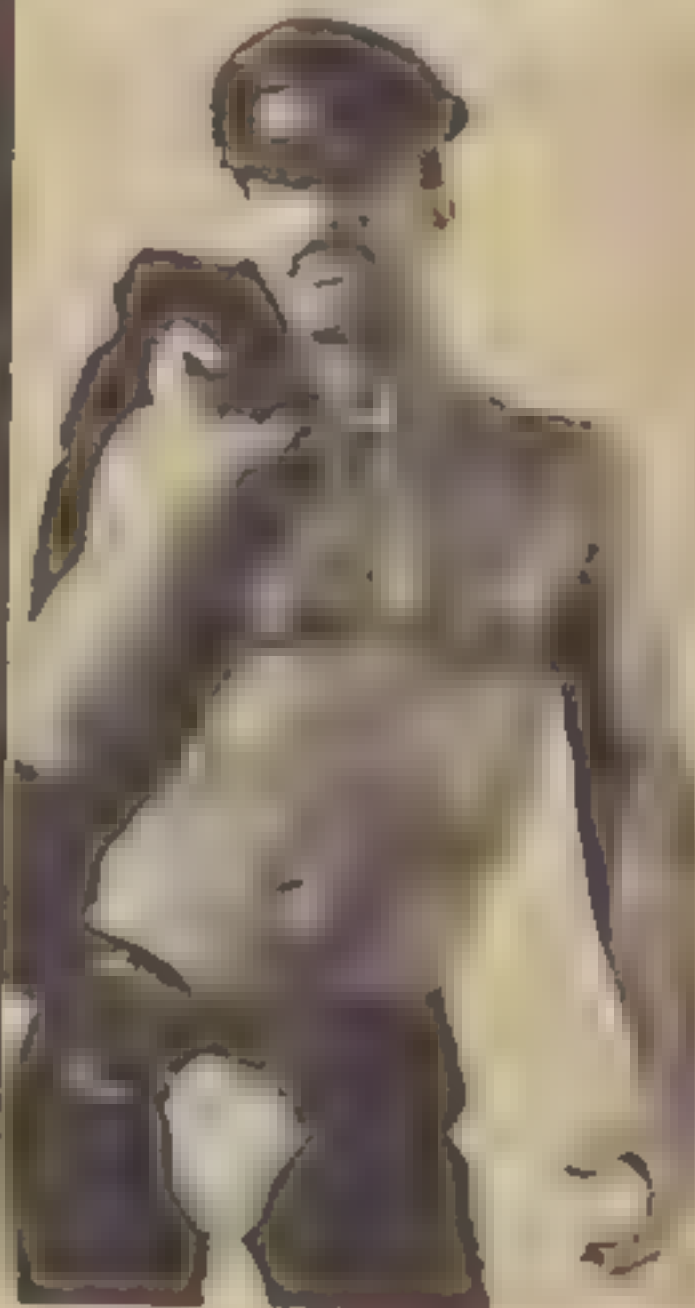
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DRJMMER60

Jim Wigler Photography



(415) 673-1284

TRIM-LINE!

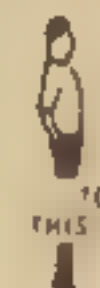
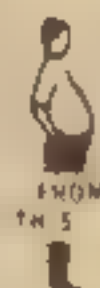
- LYCRA SPANDEX

BE SLIM, NOW!

- MAGIC GRIP PANELS

INSTANTLY HOLDS STOMACH IN

- POWER KNIT



976 LONG LINE 977 SHORT LINE

976 4-in. length pairs 5 trim inches off your 4-in. and flattens your abdomen. Lycra power knit stretches and breathes with you to give you a tuckiest physique ever. Built-in man-line suit for superb control. Sizes Small, J/R, 33-36, Lg 37-40, Xl 41-44

977 Short Line Version 1/4-in. \$9.99

REGENCY SQUARE Dept. 6572

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6% sales tax. For No COD to APO FPO or soiled or damaged items a non-refundable. 2 to 6 weeks for delivery.

CHICAGO MODEL

Top 28, 5'7" 140 lbs. 8" S M, B D Toys, C/B/A work, W/S, shaving humiliation training, Grk, etc. Playroom Novices OK, Limits respected Glen (312) 871-8675

MUSCLES, 40'S, 5'11", 194

Hung uncut seeks ltr act on with very heavy muscles. 30's-50's any race. Reply only to letters with photos Max Box 67 924 W Belmont, Chicago IL 60657

LONGJOHN GUYS WANTED

For layers, hum B&D, JWH, 450 Briar #8K, Chicago, IL 60657

CHICAGO MASTER

White 6'3" 190# 42 with well equipped playroom wants obedient slaves for bondage, discipline humiliation, C&B work, S&M Novices accepted Asians & Latinos welcome. Reply as answered P.O. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690

SUPER-DEFINED, LEAN

Muscular man wanted for erotic wrestling exercise, and companionship - by W.M., lat, trim, muscular mature. Son/younger brother applicant seriously considered. Photo w/letter please P.O. Box 2181, Chicago, IL 60690

CHICAGO SLAVE

Goodlooking hot slave 26, 5'11" nice build, hung wants to obediently serve master's cock, tits first d d o Box 3588

TOP MAN WANTED

WM 22, 6' 150 in tight levis, cycle jacket, and boots into BD, CBT, SM seeks attractive WM 23-30 with similar interests send letter with photo and phone # Box 3590

INDIANA**LEATHER, LEVI, DAD**

32 5'6", 145, wants to adopt leather levi son 18+ must be sim and muscular and some body hair Sincere obedient only and ready to move Will answer those with photo only Hurry dad's waiting You won't be sorry! Occupant, 2735 Bittersweet Blvd Columbus Ind 47203

W M, 5'6, 145LBS

32 seeks other cowboys to get it off in tight levis silver buckles leather chaps, western hat, and hot spurred cowboy boots. Cowboys lets get together and rub leather jeans and boots. Need my tight bulging crotch look care of Will answer those with photo only Boxholder P.O. Box 18 Elizabethtown, Ind 47232 You won't be sorry!

DAD 59 NEEDS SON 18-23

To discipline and take care of - North-ern Indiana Box No 3562

IOWA**DES MOINES MASTER**

35 seeks slave 21-40 experienced in scenes and respect limits No drugs Submit application with photo to Box 128 Des Moines, Iowa 50301

KANSAS**WM 28, 6', 180**

Short brown hair/beard, stuck in NE Kansas, seeks contacts anywhere Prefer over 30, hairy, heavyset Like rubber and uniforms but you need not Please no married sim clean-shaven, demented Box 3517

KENTUCKY**SEEKS SUBMISSIVE PARTNERS**

W/M 34 5'11" 160 lbs. dominant, large chest and arms, seeks submissive partners. Some LS travel Box 3596

LOUISIANA**LEATHER POLICE UNIFORMS**

New Orleans WM 35, Leather Police Uniforms boots, B&D S&M Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, sm taste and feel of Leather High black boots, Full police uniform and gear I seek a few d screet men into the same Occasionally travel Box 1579

MAINE**BOOTS, LEATHER**

But not too much hard stuff Is anybody out there? Box 246, Topsham, ME 04086

MASSACHUSETTS**BONDAGE SLAVE**

WM, 65, is looking for a young master 23-35, with 8" or more of uncut cock to service Am French active and Greek passive No drugs, FF, S&M or pain just bondage Plymouth Area, but am retired can travel anywhere AMTRACK goes Your nude photo gets mine Box 2025

C&B PAIN

B&D for 18-23 slaves Call (617) 256-8888

LET ME BE YOUR**BONDAGE SLAVE**

To a young master age 21-28 No whips FF Pain Drugs or S&M only Bondage Let me suck your cock, balls, tits and ass while in bondage Let me get fucked by you and your friends in the mouth and in the ass at the same time Your nude photo gets mine Am free to travel Lets hear from you young mas-ter Box 3606

ABUSE ME

24, handsome well-built, wants degradation, VA, humiliation, shaving spanking, piss, leash and collar from Boston hunks Photo, letter Box 3550

ASS GLOBE DADDY

WM 30 yrs 6'1" moustache, masc, 190 lbs sane and stable seeks uninitiated hunky masc guy for creative assplay w/wh le briefs & jock straps Smoke & poppers/ no-scal heavy pain No feds or feds but turn on to submissive daddy's boy with super nice buns for affection & fantasy (617) 682 2560 or reply with photo to Box 3586

HOUSEBOY/VALET WANTED

GWM's 18-21 only, into total domination call LJ (617) 256-4908

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!**LIVE-IN SLAVE 18-22**

into C&B pain Call (617) 256-2968

SLAVE/SERVANT

Live-in masochist to care for my needs house and leather store in Boston. Chance of a lifetime if you are submissive obedient and need to be col ared, kept and cared for by a 38 Y O serious, masculine S Novice considered Complete details to qualified applicants. Send application/ photo to A.F.E., 773 Tremont St., Boston, MA 02118

STERN DISCIPLINE

Applied by experienced, tall muscular, hung master in total leather No feds or feds/ your pic and letter gets mine. Box 3560

MICHIGAN**HAIRY AND HORNEY**

35 white 5'10" 150# sold A&P, F A G Nude full photos answered first P.O. Box 203, Walked Lake, Michigan 48088

MASCULINE LEATHER DUDE

Bearded 38 5'8", 150# Good looking, muscled, versatile & over sexed no feds feds or feds P.O. Box 267 Clinton MI 49238 Picture if possible Detroit or Ann Arbor area

DAD

Good looking GWM 31 5'11" 170 seeks love and respect of son Send photo and what you expect from dad. No feds feds or drugs Box 3583

DESIRE TO SERVE?

W M Top, 6'1", blk brn, trim beard, uncut seeks bottom of smaller build, masculine, quiet, sincere, to strip on order & spreadeagle for the whip T&C/B torture Or be hogtied by a ge nuts & ridden Limits honored Satisfaction rewarded with affection Non/light smoker & drinker a preference for Country over disco & cowboy all are a plus No scat, shaving piercing drugs US & foreign response invited 1 year pending thru USA, Canada, Australia & Europe. Idea exchange with other Masters Box 3573

SLAVEBOYS WANTED

To serve 28 year old white master, into bondage titwork, humiliation and punishment to fit the slave Possible permanent servitude for strong body and right attitude Phone photo & letters to Richard P.O. Box 15342 Detroit MI 48215

"HUNKY, VIRILE, Y/W/B/M

8' 170# sensitive, sensual, sincere educated handsome, hung Area buddies, mutual stimulation on mind/body INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP Send nude photo Box 524, Pontiac, Michigan 48050

MINNESOTA**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**

TWIN CITY MASTER 39, white, seeks permanent slave/houseboy who needs to be owned Prefer young (however all considered), trim or muscular, clean obedient, submissive and ready for slavery in mind Novice okay will train if you know you were meant to be a slave, write submissive, graveling letter now and don't forget to include a photo Box 3251

PISS DRINKING

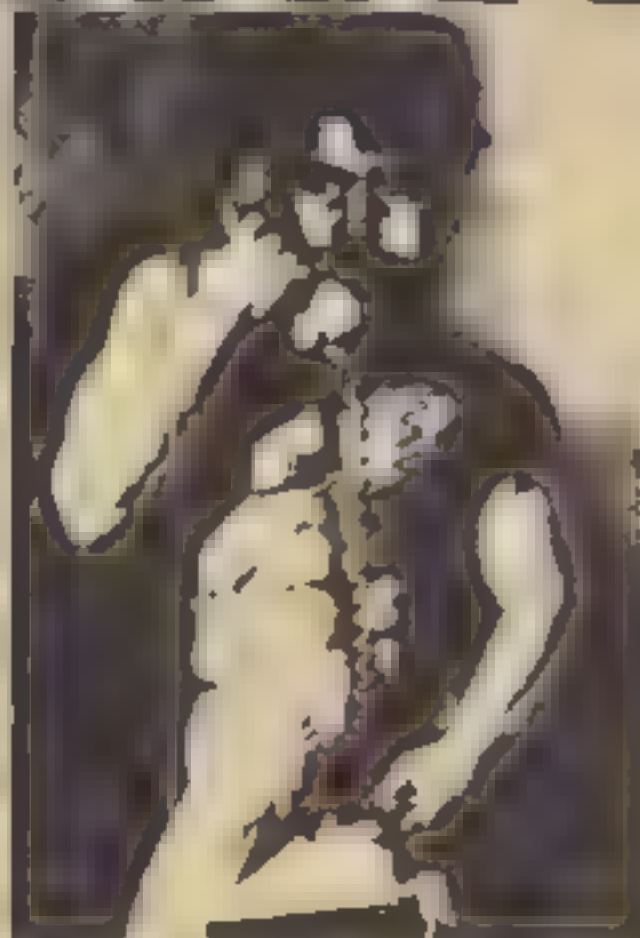
Bearded PIG SLAVE, 30, tall and lean, seeks big hairy men for oral raunch Send photo/ phone Wil P.O. Box 9514, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440

MISSOURI**NAKED, CHAINED, SHAVED**

Kansas City Tattooed S. 45, 6'2" muscular 185 7" wants slender man's ave 20-30 to be kept naked, chained and shaved for total and permanent S&M lifestyle. Apply with photo. Box 3129

HORNY? Call the office.

JACK'S OFFICE



*Hey, man... Let's lay it on the line, you and me
I've got your number And I know what you'd like to hear
So give me a call - right NOW*

Fulfill Your PHONE Fantasy

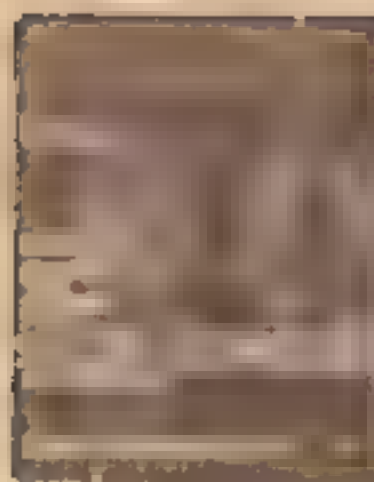
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**VISA AMERICAN EXPRESS MASTERCARD
CARTE BLANCHE AND DINERS CLUB**

(24 HOUR SERVICE)

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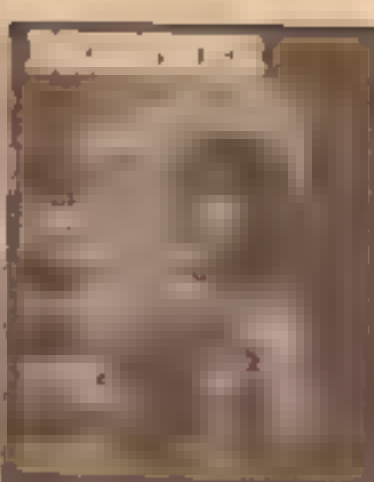
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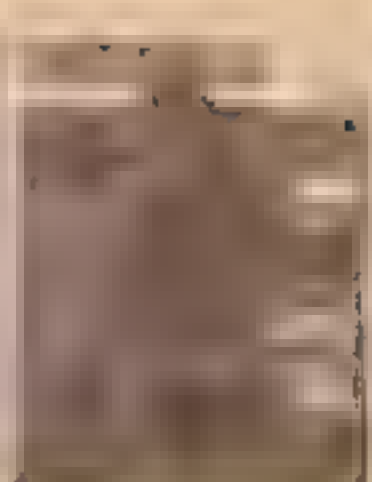
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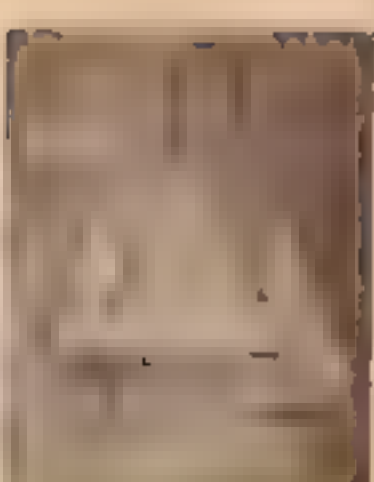
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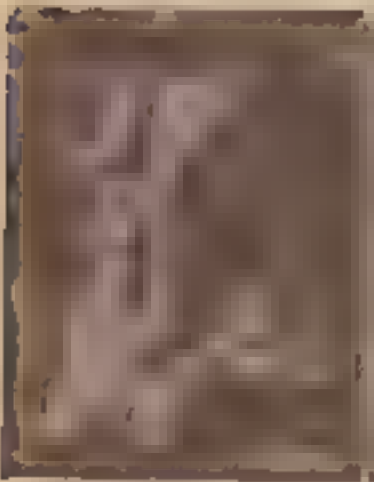
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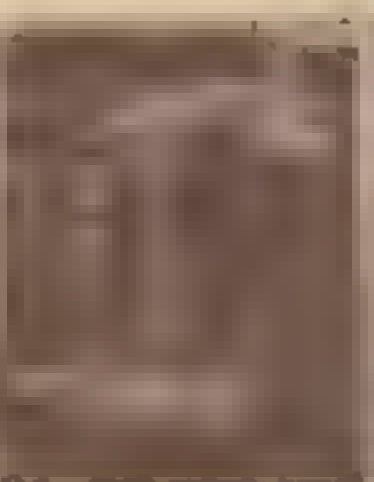
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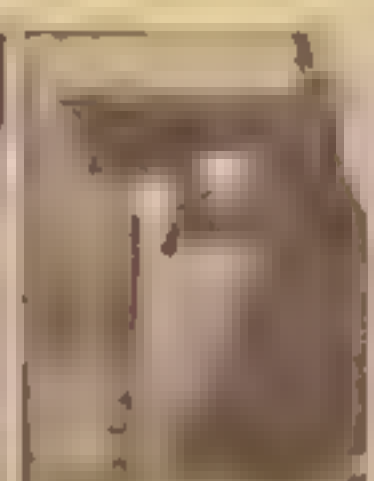
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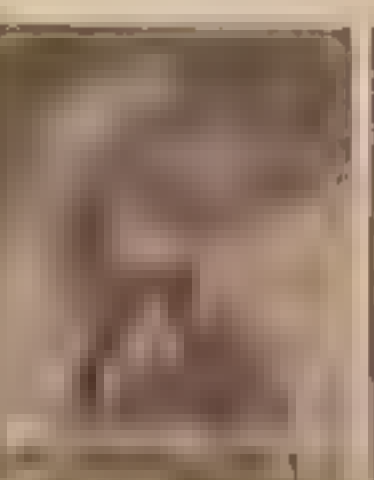
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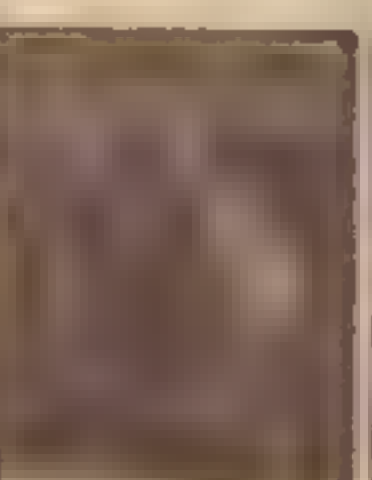
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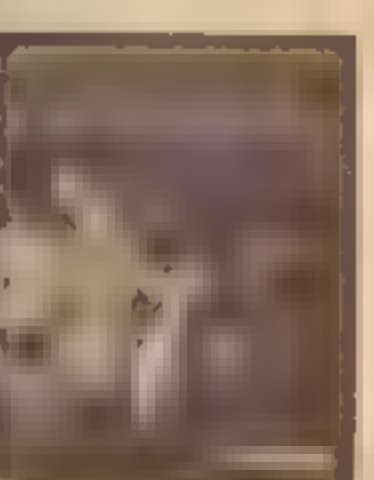
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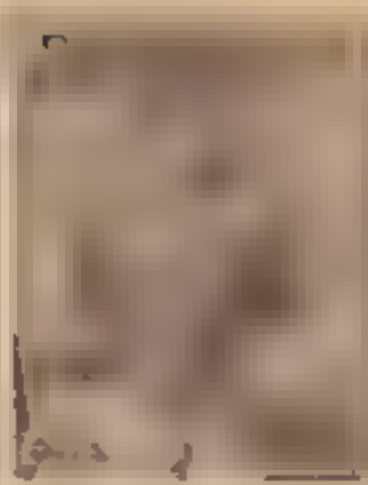
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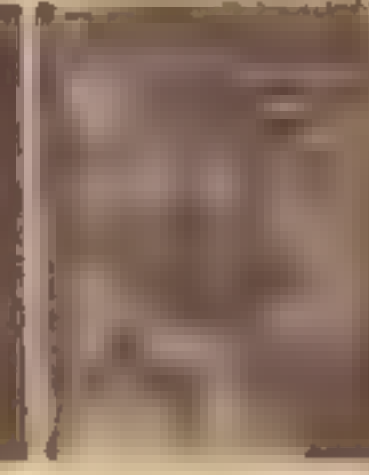
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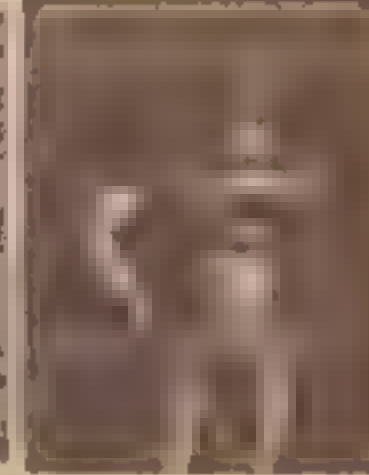
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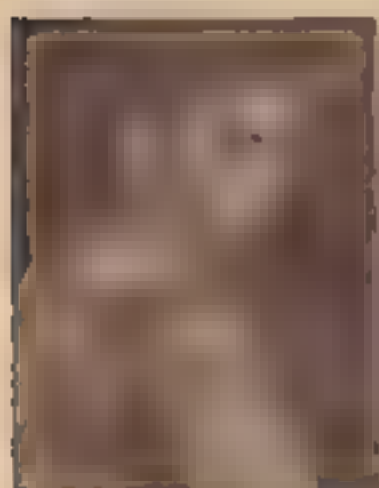
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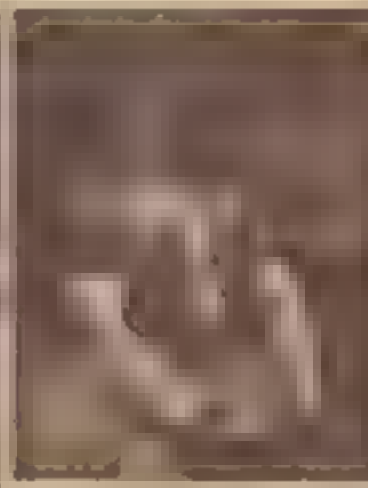
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TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears.

DAD WANTS YOUNG BODYBUILDER

To serve his needs starting summer 1983. Work to do on wood and with discipline private cabin but reasonable

him is used. Send photo and reason you should be the one to share my life. W. M. Southern Missouri. Box 3571

NEVADA

DADDY SEEKS SON

GWM 58 seeks clean cut son 18-26 versatile athletic stable. Phone after 5 PM. 308-787-1223

NEVADA

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Master seeking full time applications for slave boy. Will serve as a master sees fit. Into B&D, C&B, tit work, W/S, etc. Master has complete training facilities to handle any slave. Slaves apply with photo (mandatory). Master is 32, 5'11", handsome. Reply to Box 1821

IF HE IS NOT HERE
HE IS NOT AVAILABLE

NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN JERSEY

W.M. 43, 6'2", 185 lbs, hairy knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master, yet quiet straight acting and appearing seeks slave 25-35 for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect him is. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, tats, lems, or phones. Box 291

GAY MASOCHIST

WM 38, gets off on pain pleasure in long sessions of sane intense erotic S/M. Seeking partner who gets off on working a body over with whips, paddles, W/S ropes, etc. No master slave games. Also enjoy heavy sucking and fucking before, during and after S/M. No FF drugs or permanent marks. Also hot to meet studs over 40. Photo and phone necessary. Box 3603

HOT TOPMAN SEEKS SLAVES

W. M. 33, 6'1", 150, goodlooking Biker. Imaginative, intelligent Master looking for good bodied, attractive Bottommen. If you're into (light to heavy) S/M, B/D, humiliation, etc., and appreciate that extended leather scenes can involve sensitivity, write. Include photo, phone, specific interests. Box 224, Glen Ridge, New Jersey 07028

MASOCHIST DESIRES

You are young good looking masochist seeking extensive manipulation of your body especially the genitalia. 201-359-3824

NEW MEXICO

SPIN MASTER'S BROTHER

I'm young boyish loving w/cute buns. Looking for hot Dad to train his son. Everyone answered. Chris T., P.O. Box 1793, Lovington, NM 88260

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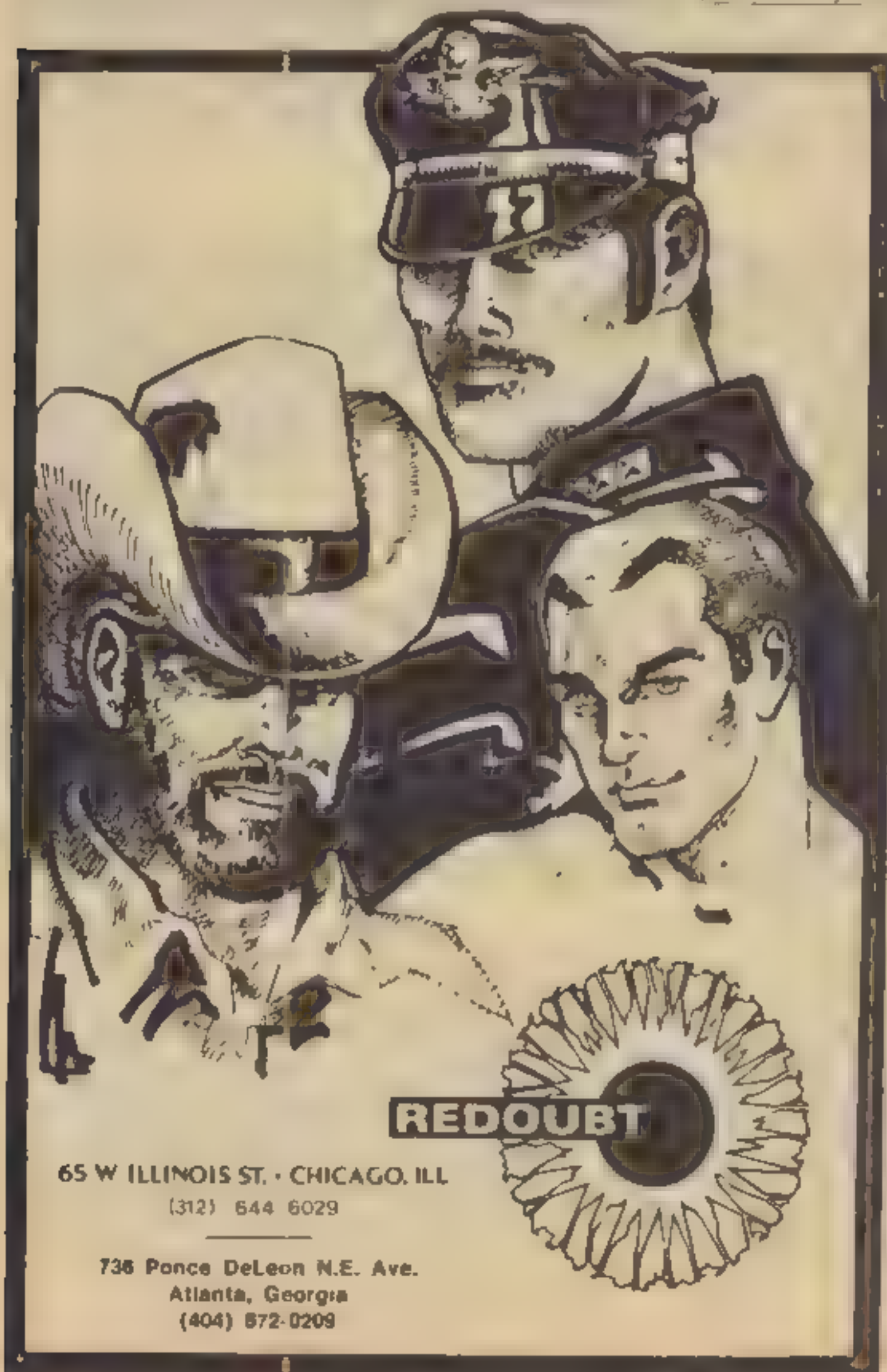
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GOOD-LOOKING WHITE MALE

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Get off on my used white jockey shorts. Loaded, sweaty and ripe by hot masculine young dude 13/0 four— five times a day. Dirty socks available also. Write for details Box 359

BOOTS AND LEATHER
28 years, white, 5'9", 145 lbs seeking booted men. Pull on your hands leather gloves, wear uniform with hot heavy boots and share together boots and leather fantasies Box 358

MEDICAL EXAM OVERDUE?
Attractive frequently compassionate Manhattan doctor administers unorthodox but realistic exams to young firm em-bare-arsed. Extensive equipment. Individually prescribed enemas, catheters (if needed). Medical assistants available. Responses with photo describing problems, special needs and physical details will receive prompt appointments. Advise related

interests in enemas, spanking, shaving, anal excitation devices. Box 1264 Suite 201 170 Broadway NY NY 10013

DRUMMER #59"
DRUMMER #59"
Will the model whose photo appears on page 90 of this issue (You Asked For It) please contact the undersigned. Reason? Obvious. Thanks Box 4033 NYC 10017

BRIEF NUDITY?
Slim & trim, bearded, glasses wearing, 35 year old cut white guy into white cotton briefs. Love to watch a guy like myself strip down to a pair of Munsingwear Kangaroos (Jockeys I do). Like the look? Like to look? Let's do it! Write, photo, phone. A pic gets one Dick P O Box 10106 Rochester New York 146

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
There are many men who want to be a slave but cannot find the girls to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. ALL of you STILL

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CLEVELAND
29 5'11" 150 lbs hairy need a leather topman to expand my ass to its limits. WS FF TT scal possible piercing. No photo needed. I will surpass your expectations. Please include phone # in your answer for quickest response. Box 3 56

DOMINANT LEATHER BOY
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TIGHT LEVIS AND LEATHER

W 5'10" 150 lbs. 25yo good body seeks others into tight levis or black leather pants, boots and cycle jacket. Lets get together and rub leather in its hot. Have cycle to travel. Photo in either gets mine. Bx 3115

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GWM, 32, 5'11", 170 lbs. handsome well-built seeks Daddy 25-50, hung, built, handsome, hopefully uncut & cigar smoker for love, hot sex, attention. Son likes to be fucked w/s C/B needs toilet training. His Daddy please send letter with photo and your worn jock. Your response gets same. JDD PO Box 191122 Dallas, TX 75219

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I'm looking for a daddy/friend, mid-30's or older, who can expand my sexual horizons, lend me some of his siner strength from time to time and give me lots of affection. I'm nice looking 31, 5'8", 160 lbs., and have hazel eyes, dark hair, beard and moustache and lots of body hair. Pen pals also ok. Please write with photo to Mike, P.O. Box 27544, Houston Texas 77227-7544

DALLAS W M 22

6'2" 180 lbs. Looking for fuck buddy 18-27, into j/o, s/m, w/s, fucking, sucking sweat. Versatile. Send photo if possible. Box 3558

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7' cut well built and very experienced. Challenges to partners to take more and give it right back. Spread eagle whipping, butt busting strapping c & b and tit torture. Only those with the muscle to back it up need apply. Photo required. Box 3575

REAL INFORMATION

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LEATHER SON SLAVE

Seeks leather Daddy into leather uniforms, boots, SM. CBTA Torture and taking care of Daddy. I'm WM 35, 6', 170# bearded bodybuilder. Rewarded with friendship and cuddling would be nice. Send letter with photo to Box 3487

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MILWAUKEE

WISCONSIN AREA

W/M 43, 6'4", 180# Interested in meeting men for mutual satisfaction. Prefer slim, smooth, well endowed men into J/D. Nudity, etc. Photo a must. Box 3569

REAL INFORMATION

27 yr old Master 6'0" 195 lbs—Muscular is seeking a young slave boy. Slave must be slim or hunky, smooth chested, baby faced and prefer slave younger than master. Slave should be totally obedient & ready for B&D, TT, C&T & whippings. Upper half nude picture requested, nude picture preferred. Master is level headed. Box 3607

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REAL INFORMATION

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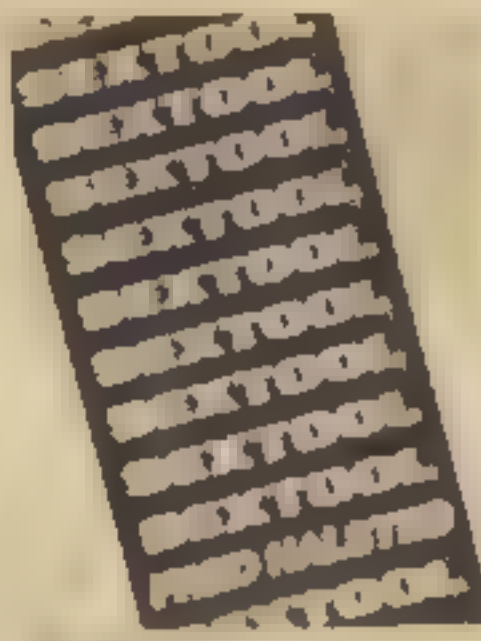
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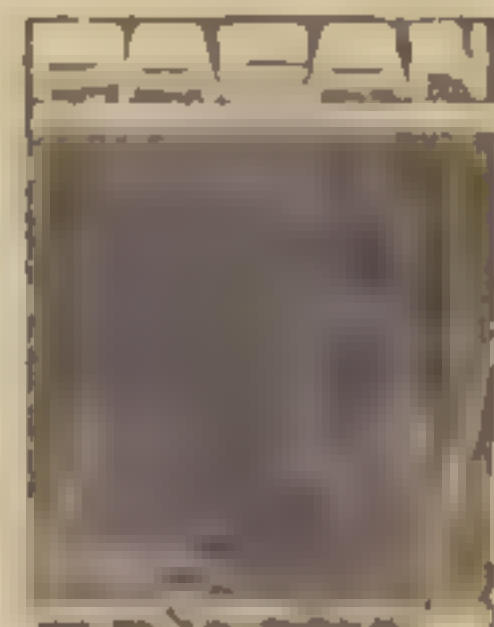
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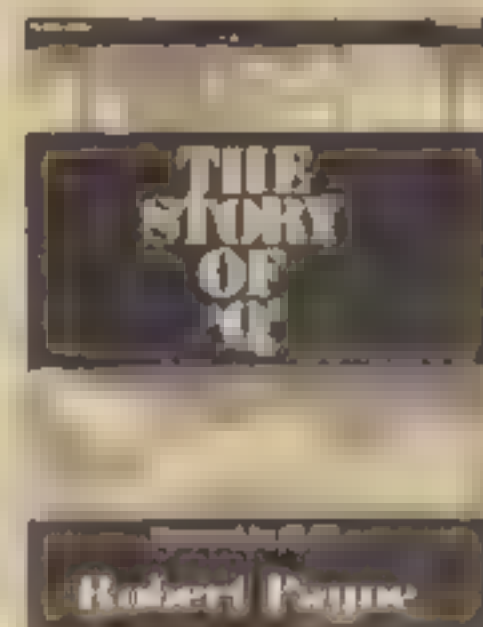
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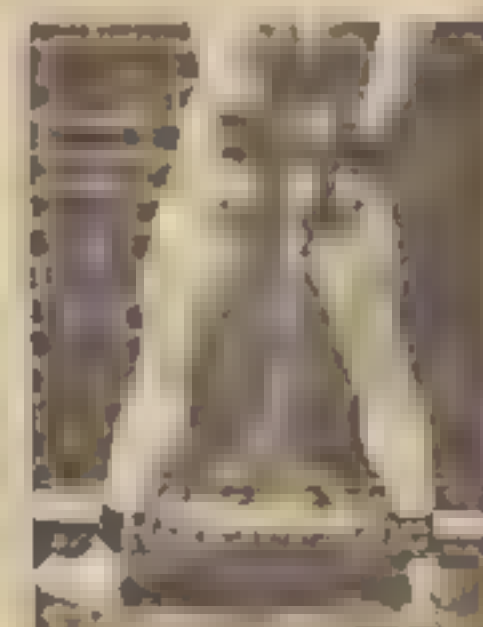
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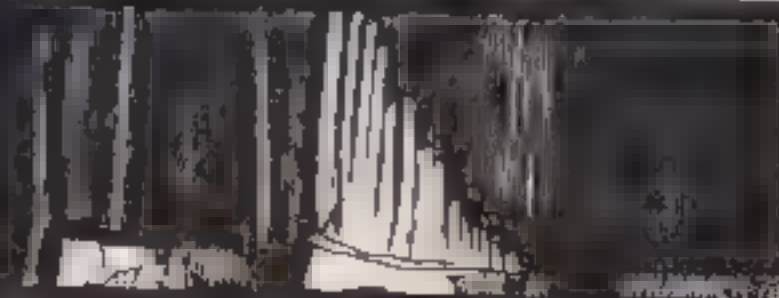


BRYAN DERBYSHIRE WHO WRITES ON THE LEATHER SCENE IN LONDON FOR DRUMMER RANG ME...

DO ME A FAVOUR, DRUM! WILL YOU CHECK OUT A CLUB CALLED 'UNCLES' FOR ME?



THAT COULD EITHER MEAN BRYAN WAS TOO BUSY SCREWING TO BE BOTHERED - OR HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE CLUB AND WOULD RATHER IT WAS I WHO SPENT A VERY BORING EVENING... SO I WENT...

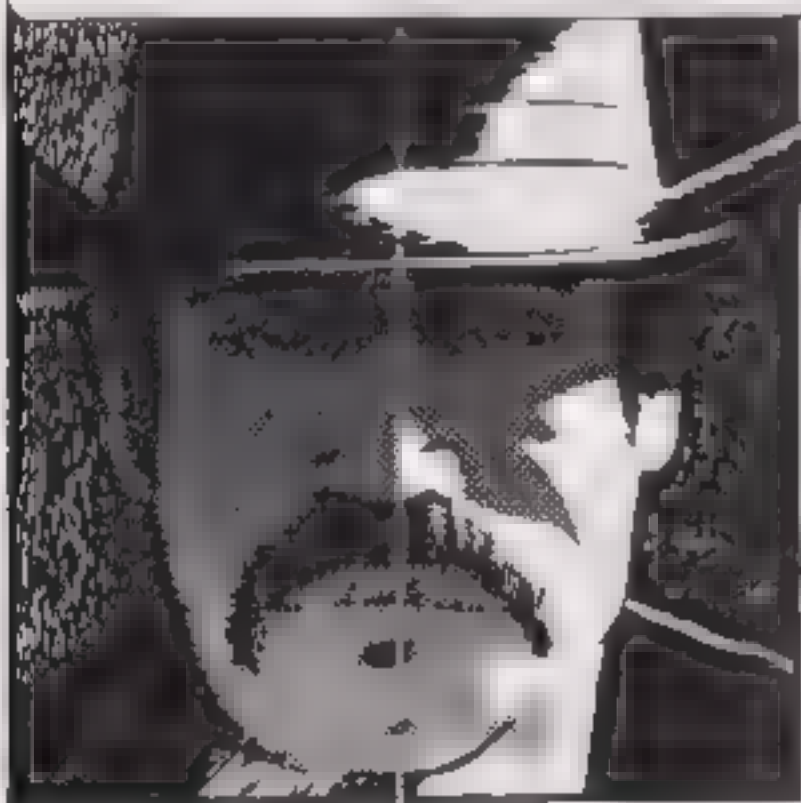


WHEN I FINALLY GOT INSIDE, TELLING THE DOORMAN WAS THERE ON BEHALF OF DRUMMER, I FOUND IT TO BE QUITE A GOOD CLUB. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO TELLING BRYAN WHAT HE MISSED WHEN...



HEY, SHITHEAD. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

IT IS REQUESTS LIKE THAT WHICH ALWAYS GET MY ATTENTION... -AND WHEN I SAW WHO MADE THE DEMAND I WAS MORE THAN INTERESTED... I HAD GOTTEN MYSELF AN UNCLE...



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD HE TURNED AND LEFT THE BAR... I FOLLOWED



I DIDN'T GET BACK HOME FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS... I FOUND PA WATCHING TELEVISION

HI, SON. HAD A GOOD TIME?

HI, PA!

HAD A FANTASTIC TIME ... FOUND A CLUB CALLED 'UNCLE'S' ... GOT ME AN UNCLE FOR MYSELF ... JOE. A TERRIFIC GUY

HE DIDN'T SAY MUCH... MUST BE A HEAVY LORRY DRIVER OR A CONSTRUCTION WORKER... A BIG GUY... KNEW WHAT HE WAS AT...

...AND I'VE GOT SEVERAL BRUISES TO PROVE IT. HE...

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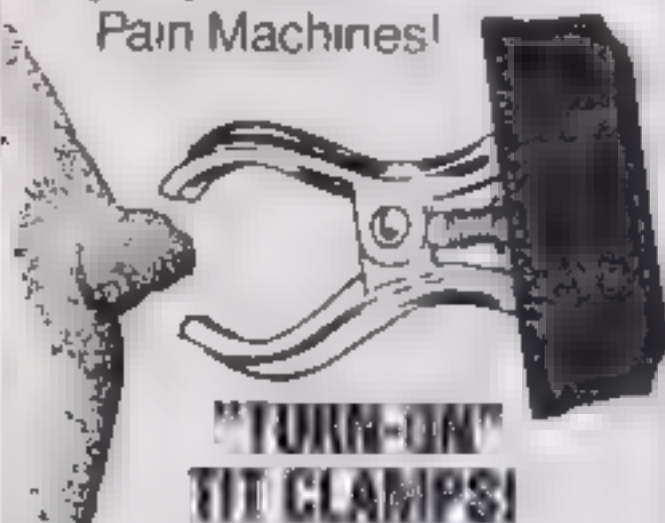
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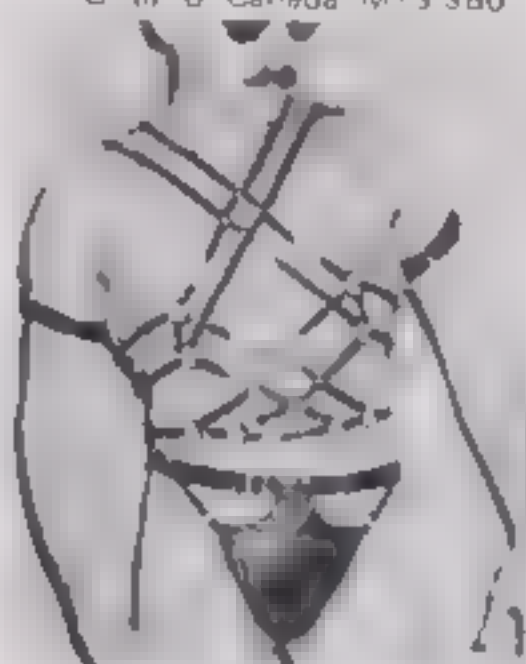


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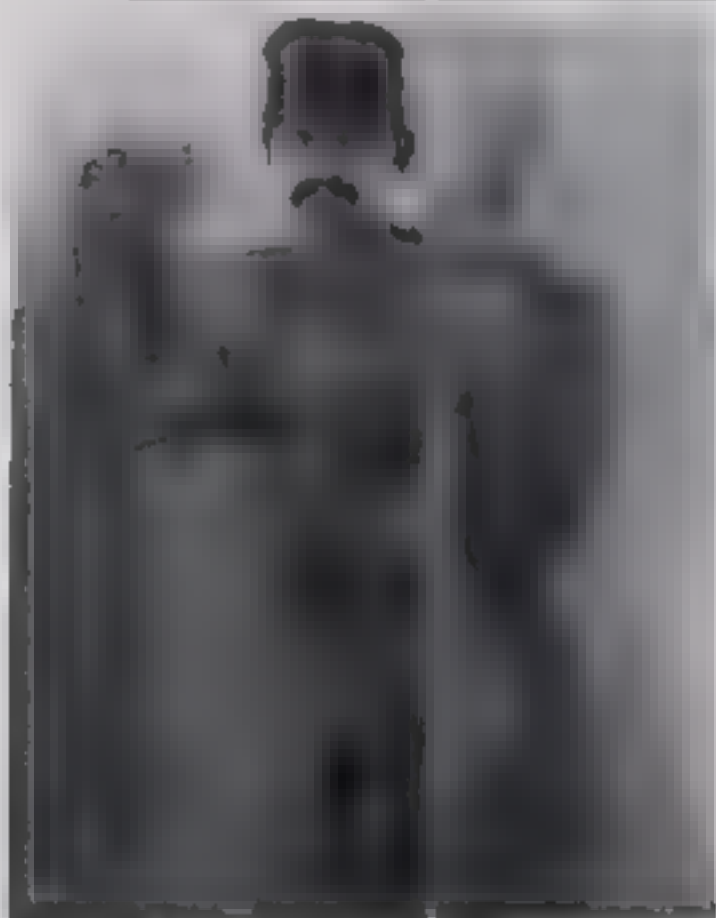
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RICK: "HERE IT IS"

This is to show you what a hairy-chested, hung, Ohio stud looks like. T.C. 1057

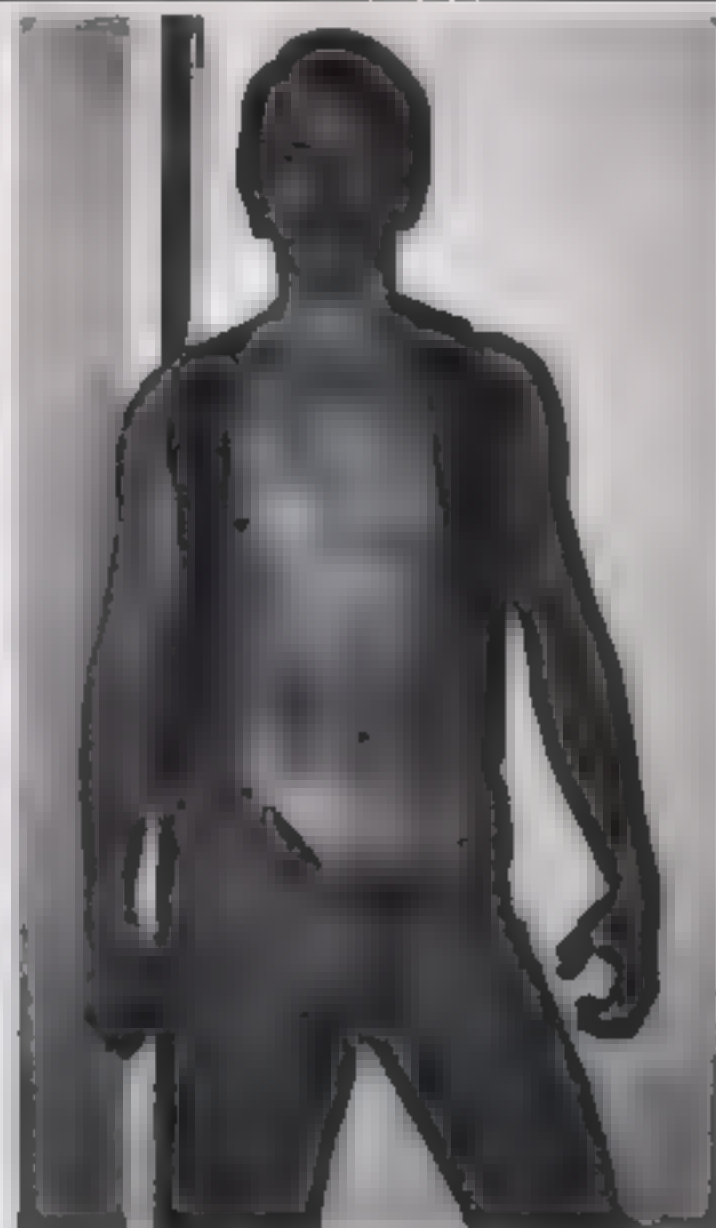


MARK: "BARE IT, BOY!"

Bare ass is what I like, the firmer the butt the better, especially when they're bottoms. The rest is a mystery. San Francisco T.C. 1055

TOUGH CUSTOMER PHOTOS

A lot of hot men send in photos that can't be reproduced. The best photos are in black and white or, in if color, taken in bright light (or sunlight). If it won't show up, what's the use of printing it? Also, you must sign your name on the back of your photo! Got it? Send it!



IDAHO: "DON'T ASK, TAKE"

Northwest dude looking for a dominant buddy into training me as his cockslave. Any muscular stud into fantasies, leather, levis, bondage, tit work, and more—everything but scat, FF and heavy pain. Photo a must! Box 2322, Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814



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CHRIS: "USE ME"

I'm 29, ready to be handcuffed, tied up to your bed, and I can take whatever you've got to give. But you've got to find me on your own

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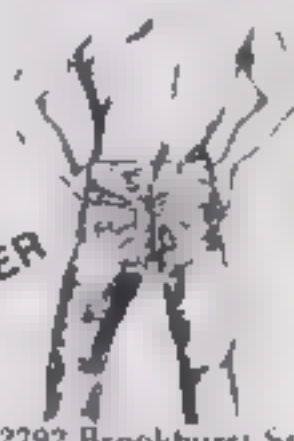
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DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

BERLIN AND BEYOND...

The 1983 Berlin Film Festival, the first big international film festival of the year, is opening, for a change, with an American entry, *Tootsie*, one of the most popular recent films. *Tootsie* is not in competition, however, unlike *That Championship Season*, the only American film vying for Best Film. The most likely of the competition films include Margarethe von Trotta's *Heller Wahn*, starring Hanna Schygulla or Sonrab Shahid Saless' *Utopia*, both West German entries.

A number of recent American productions would seem like perfect material for this prestigious festival. Attenborough's *Gandhi* or *The Verdict*, with Paul Newman's much acclaimed performance, but for various reasons the American representation in the competition has ended up being one overly-long, overly-talky look at five men reaching a mid-life re-evaluation, the aforementioned *That Championship Season*.

But if the international and German audiences at Berlin won't be seeing much of the really fine American films currently available during the festival, they will be treated to a number of extraordinary independent films by American filmmakers, including Arthur J. Bressan's *Abused*. Bressan, who has made such diverse films as *Gay USA*, the first feature documentary about the

the annual gay pride parades in America, and explicit films like *Passing Strangers* and *Forbidden Letters* approaches, in *Abused*, the controversial subject of intergenerational sex between a man and a young boy. The film, ironically, will most likely receive a more understanding audience at Berlin, and in Europe, than it will at home where the subject itself brings polarized and often violent reactions, regardless of how it is presented. Bressan is an extremely talented, dedicated, serious filmmaker with a decided flair for the romantic, and *Abused* is going to be a film worth seeing.

Berlin will also screen Dieter Schidor's *Der Bauer Von Babylon* (*The Wizard of Babylon*), the filmmaker's documentary about Rainer Werner Fassbinder and the making of *Querelle*, Fassbinder's last film before his untimely death this past year. Having won, in court, the right to leave intact an interview with RWF conducted only eight hours before his death, Schidor's feature-length documentary has already distinguished itself. The film will be released in America this spring, as will Fassbinder's *Querelle*.

Another hot teenage hunk, Sean Penn (*Taps*, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*), has the same kind of beefy, hard-edged role in *Bad Boys*, the story of a contemporary juvenile delinquent who goes to the slammer and faces a much rougher existence than he ever had on the streets of Chicago.

A fine actor like Al Pacino and an ingenious director like Brian De Palma and a story by Oliver Stone about a Cuban exile, circa 1980, coming to

America in search of the good life makes *Scarface*, worth waiting for...until Christmas, if necessary which is when it will be released.

Due a little sooner is the next Monty Python film, *The Meaning of Life*, a film about philosophy, social history, medicine and halibut...but mainly hal but.

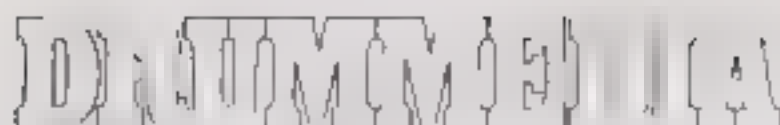
One of the hottest and sexiest young male actors, John Schneider (*The Dukes of Hazzard*) stands to storm the screen in his movie debut as an outlaw on the run with Kirk Douglas at his heels in *Eddie Macdon's Run*.

But the really big news is *Dune*, the film based on the classic science fiction novel by Frank Herbert. Long regarded as one of the most original science fiction creations of all time, *Dune* takes place in a galaxy with no relationship to our own. Herbert had to create, for his novel, an entire civilization not based on homo sapiens. Breathtaking environments, situations, and populations permeate his novel. Directed by David Lynch (*The Elephant Man*), *Dune* stands to become perhaps the science fiction marvel of all time, or a crashing bore. Only time will tell...because chances are the production won't be finished this year and it won't be playing at your neighborhood theatre before sometime in 1984.

But if all this is too heavy for you, *Spring Break* might hit the spot. Yes Virginia, another Now-that-college-is-over-what-are-we-going-to-do movie, full of unknowns, muscular chests, skimpy swim suits and sight gags. The girls are cute, the boys are cute, *caliente el sol una la playa*.

—John W. Rowberry





VIDEO

BEYOND BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Trophy No. 1 is the first in a new series from J. Brian's Vitruvian Video that offers popular gay porn films on video tape, but recorded from the original 16mm negatives, which makes for extremely sharp video reproduction. *Trophy No. 1*, a full 75 minutes in length

Trophy No. 1, 75 minutes, color, music soundtrack, VHS and Beta, \$69.95, Vitruvian Video, 470 Castro, Suite 270, San Francisco, CA 94114 \$3. postage/handling Adults (over 21) only. Catalog/brochures available

electrician's cock, but you might forget what it looks like when the phone repair man unleashes one of the legendary big dicks of all time from his jeans. Extremely thick, and extremely long are understatements

The action in *Ebony Love* goes from the intense to the downright spectacular, the phone man pumps his rod into the electrician's mouth and ass in aching close-up, and after one stunning orgasm, in slow motion, proceeds to give this segment its unique climax. Upside down on the dining room table the black phone repair man sucks his own cock to a second orgasm while the electrician eats out his ass. This is a multi-orgasm episode and extremely

LSMC tattoo on the cheek of his ass is a bonus. The climax, which seems endless, is in slow motion.

Beach Studs is the real fluff of *Trophy No. 1*, but it has some appeal. Two young men in swim trunks are playing around in the pool when one of them gets a boner. His friend pulls the trunks off the hard on and starts giving him head. One thing leads to another, both in a poolside chair and on the grass. Standard sucking and fucking, but both guys are attractive and nicely hung.

Hot Glory Hole was a two-part Brentwood release that takes place in a surf-side restroom with holes in the walls between the stalls. If john sex turns you on, you'll get your fill with the five guys involved in these two segments. Everything works (sucking, under the partition fucking, mutual masturbation) except for an attempt to rim through the glory hole and a fucking scene via same, you simply can't see the point of entry/focus. The five guys are standard, nicely hung, and, seen in both its parts, the segment is a worthwhile inclusion. *Trophy No. 1* is well-rated for camera work and solid production values, the colors are extremely good and the images are sharp and clear. The music is upbeat, semi-modern semi-disco.

— John Rowberry



with a musical score, is composed of five Brentwood titles that were, during their original release, very big sellers. Two of the selections are superb: *Ebony Love* and *Jeff*; the other three (two of which form one long segment) are fair, if somewhat tame.

Ebony Love is one of the more dynamic inter-racial films around. A young, slender electrician is working on rewiring light fixtures in an apartment when the telephone man comes in to check the equipment. It's obvious that this muscular, handsome black phone worker is more interested in the electrician's equipment than Ma Bell's and he aggressively goes after the young man's crotch. There's nothing wrong with the

well photographed from every possible angle.

Jeff is the other real highlight of *Trophy No. 1* and one of the sexiest solo jack off films to come down the pike in a long while—which might explain why this film has sold so well for so long. If you like your fantasy figure in the form of a young, extra-hung Marine type with the sexiest mouth since Rick Nelson and a compact, muscular hairless torso, then Jeff will give you drymouth. All he does is beat his meat and read a porn magazine; it is the camera that makes the magic in this segment, lovingly playing off each perfect feature of his physique. And, on a scale of 1 to 10 for physical perfection, this guy rates a solid 10. The

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DRUMMER BOOKS

MURDER BY WORDS

William Carney in his out-of-print book *The Real Thing*, through a series of letters to his nephew, gave a classical insight into the sadomasochistic community. The writer of these letters, Dr. Glenn Symonds, was a Beverly Hills plastic surgeon and a top leatherman. In Carney's new book, *The Rose Exterminator* (Everest House, New York, 317 pp., \$14.95), he touches on the multifaceted gay life of San Diego through Scott, a former lover of Glenn Symonds

In his search for the perpetrator he refuses to believe that the police's chief suspect, Eugene Carmichael, has had anything to do with the murder, but he believes that Eugene does know the murderer's identity. Scott and the police cannot find Eugene. Their frenetic search evokes the fears and curiosity other gays have for the leather community.

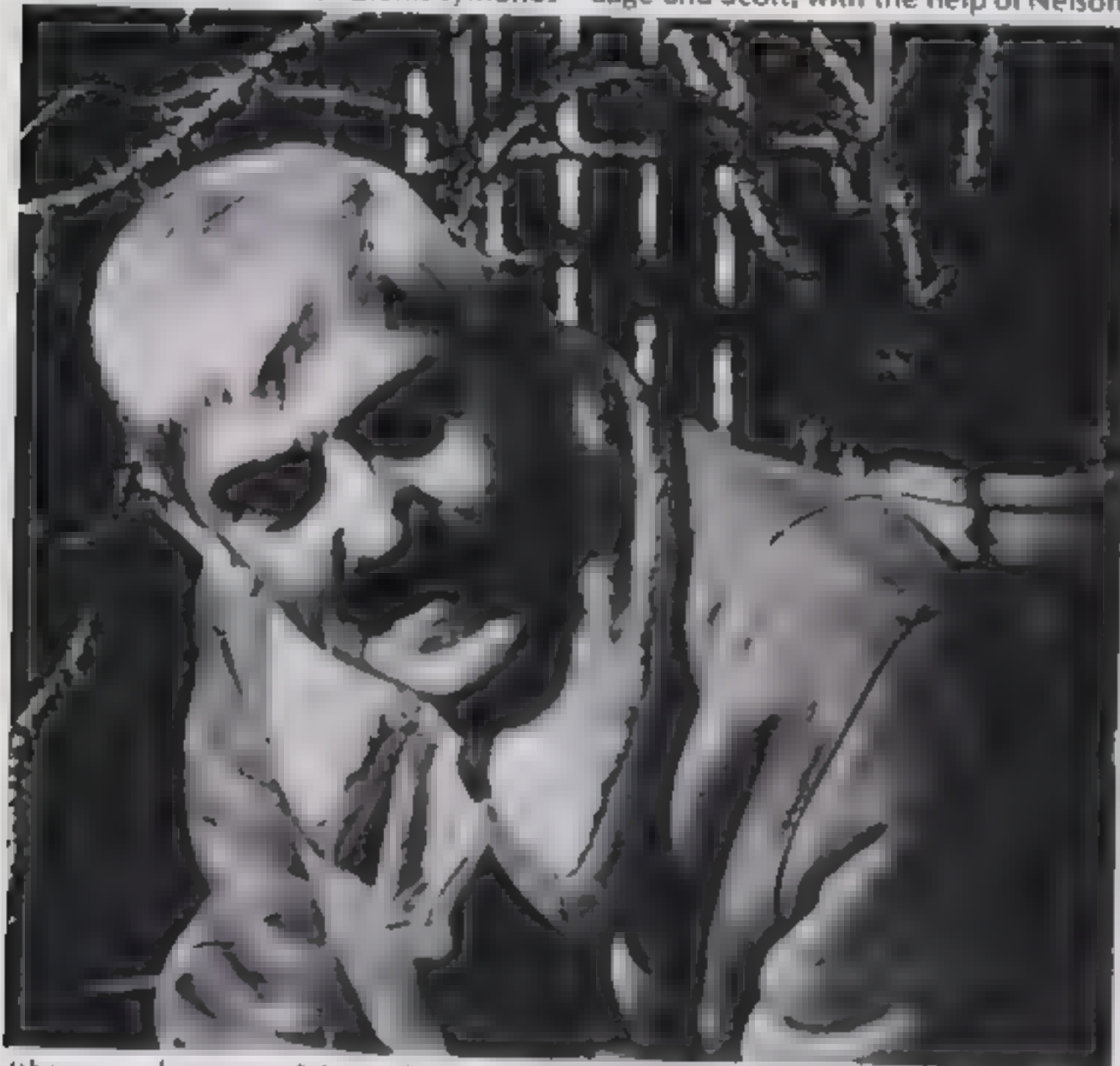
The Rose Exterminator is not a piece of salacious material. There is one sex scene at a party which is given by Chris, the owner of a bar, in his apartment. The only allusion to a sadomasochistic scene is in the basement of this same apartment building where Chuck Lawson, old "Iron Ass," lives. Iron Ass is in bondage and Scott, with the help of Nelson

Symonds' peer, Nelson Faulkner

Nelson Faulkner is a San Francisco top who has been to bed with Scott while the latter was attending school in San Francisco. I empathized most with Faulkner. His commitment to the leather, S/M scene is intense. Accepted social behavior, as he saw it, took a secondary or tertiary position where his lifestyle was concerned. It would not be until later in the book that he came to a rapprochement between these standards by finding a suit-and-tie job. At this point he states, "Leather is in, and everybody's into it. It's not what it used to be." I have heard this mournful cry from devotees of leather who have come to feel that its mystique has passed. "There's no concentration or quietness in it anymore... It's all parody." But I cannot subscribe to this condemnatory judgment. I acknowledge that the magical moments occur less often, but, then, we are all getting older.

The Rose Exterminator is a well-written mystery story. It will give enjoyment to the mystery reader whether or not his penchant is leather. The real aficionado for this genre may find the end too predictable, but I think it is a serious piece of literature and should be approached and appreciated in this vein.

— Frank O'Rourke



(the main character of the earlier book) Glenn Symonds' body has been found in a trailer owned by a dull-witted masochist, Eugene Carmichael. The body is suspended naked from the ceiling of the trailer. From all appearances the top man has become the victim of another top. In this graphic scene it becomes apparent that there was a botched effort to castrate him.

Scott, who vociferously denies any interest in the S/M scene, finds himself caught up in the vortex of suspicions, innuendoes and speculations by the police, the gay communities and acquaintances. His career as a scientist is threatened and he feels a compulsion to ferret out what really happened.

Faulkner, tries to squeeze information on Eugene out of him. Again, there are no particular descriptions of what happens, although you know that Iron Ass is getting a pretty heavy taste of the whip.

Carney's inventive use of the English language may detract from the book for some readers, but I found it lent distinct color to the nuances he was trying to get over to the reader. Some readers may choose to ignore these seeming aberrations of the language since the meaning is clear, but I think you lose a bit of Carney by skimming over them.

There is a melange of characters from an open stoolpigeon to a voyeuristic queen to another top who was

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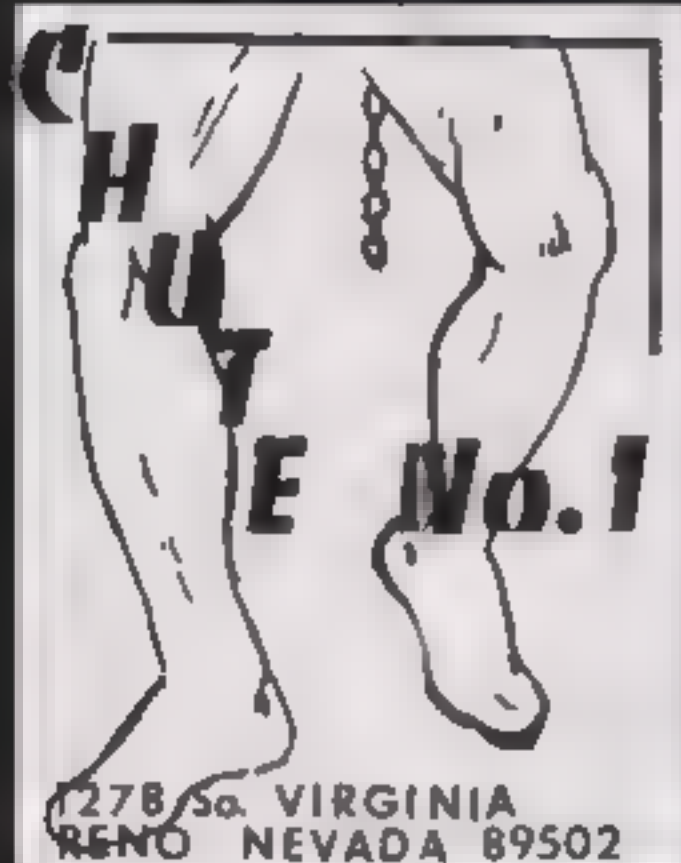
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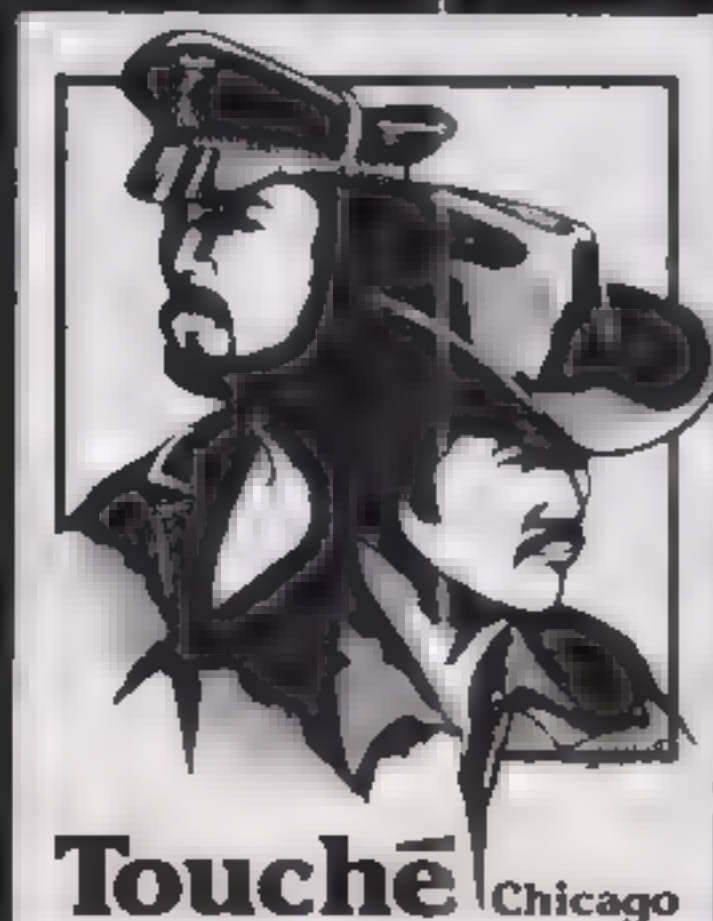
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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

The Conductors, Nashville I mentioned this club's first anniversary party in the last issue of *Drummer*. Since then, they have sent me more information on their bash with a copy of their logo. The big event will take place on March 26-28 "Track 1" will be one of the hottest events in the Volunteer State. The Texas Cactus Band will provide the music. If



you are interested (and you have to be if you are from around there) write: Conductors L/L, Box 40261, Nashville, TN 37204 for your application. Fees are \$40 without accommodations, \$60 with 4 to a room, \$80 2 to a room. There is a late fee of \$10 after March 5

The Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club. Brother, that is one mouthful! On the other hand, I have just finished reading their annual schedule of events for this year. Brother! It makes you wish that you lived in Denver! Most important (to me) is the slave auction in March. They have a great idea which I wish other auctions would use and that is showing off the meat before the auction



Between 3 and 6pm on Sunday afternoon, March 27, you can go to the Triangle and look at all that hunky, horny meat and the following night go to Tracks to bid for the slave you want. It beats the hell out of going to a slave auction, seeing a nice piece of flesh and not be ready to bid. Hustle over to the Triangle and get a look at all that prime

beef and be ready to bid for the one who catches your eye. Golden Fleece Run 12 will happen over the Fourth of July (1-4). Now, some of you readers may wonder why I highlight runs so early. The local dudes know about it, but you raunchy bastards who are looking for some fun and action have to know earlier so you can plan ahead of time to be there I have never been to a Golden Fleece Run, but these guys show a lot of style and I can imagine that it will be something to experience. For more information write: The Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club of Colorado, Inc., Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201. I am seriously impressed with these guys so drop them a line and get the particulars of the Golden Fleece Run. If you don't you'll be sorry!

European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs. I got a long letter from Siegfried Hoffman of the Secretariat for the ECMC with a schedule of ECMC sponsored events in 1983. The ECMC wants to re-establish contacts with American and Canadian motorcycle clubs. This can be very important for you guys, whether it is L/L or S/M. The last list of clubs they had on hand was the 1980 Chains of Brotherhood. I have passed the word on to some clubs verbally, and now all who read this column will be in on it. The ECMC is made up of 34 clubs from Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, France, the United Kingdom, Italy, the Netherlands, Sweden, Finland and Norway

The ECMC events sponsored this year are

Feb. 11-15 M.S. Panthers & Black Angels, Cologne, Germany

Mar. 11-13 North West M.S.C., Liverpool, Great Britain

Apr. 29-May 1 S.L.C. Stuttgart, Germany
May 20-22 M.S.C. Belgium, Brussels, Belgium

May 20-23 Loge 70 Schweiz Zurich, Switzerland

May 20-23 S.L.M. Stockholm, Stockholm, Sweden

May 27-29 Pennine Chai M.S.C., Manchester, Great Britain

June 3-5 A.S.M.F., Paris, France

June 24-26 A Men's Club, Aarhus, Denmark

July 1-3 Spreadeagle, London, Great Britain

Aug. 12-14 M.S.C. Hamburg, Hamburg, Germany

Aug. 26-28 M.S.C. London, London, Great Britain

Sep. 2-4 2. ECMC Bike Run, organized by Loge 70 Schweiz, Switzerland

Sep. 9-11 Eagles M.C., Liege, Belgium

Sep. 16-18 F.S.M.C., Marseille, France

Sep. 23-25 M.L.C. Munchen, Munich, Germany

Sep. 30-Oct. 2 R.M.C., London, Great Britain

Nov. 4-6 The Rurals M.C., Roermond, Netherlands

A number of clubs have not scheduled any events this year. Some clubs like the M.S.C. Berlin e.V. and M.S. Amsterdam, have one every two years. I have mentioned the May event of the SLM Stockholm before since it is the great Baltic event. The MLC Munchen event in September will receive more mention in the future because *Drummer* plans to be there for that big blowout. I am such a naturally horny bastard that every time I read about London's Spreadeagle I get



a hard on just from the name. To members of the ECMC I make the same offer that I do to American and Canadian clubs. This column is available for noteworthy material that you want passed on to others.

American and Canadian L/L S/M clubs interested in contacting either the ECMC or a particular club should direct their letters to

ECMC Secretariat
Siegfried Hoffman
Postbox 20
D-6364 Florstadt 1
WEST GERMANY

The ECMC will pass your letters on to a particular club if you wish

Recommendation in reading

I don't tout publications in general but I feel that guys seriously interested in S/M should read *The Dungeon Master*. It comes out six times a year and costs \$12 in North America and \$20 elsewhere. Send your subscription to: Desmond Publications, Box 6592, Chicago, IL 60680. I've got to remember to renew my subscription if I can find the renewal form on my cluttered desk

Frank O'Rourke

DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN

WOODSHED DISCIPLINE

My "daddy" reads your magazine each month and sometimes, if I've been good, he has me read the "Drummer Daddies" column out loud to him. Yesterday, however, I was bad and he took me to the woodshed. As further punishment, he is making me write this letter, describing to the readers our own father-son relationship, and I must describe yesterday's punishment in detail.

My "dad" is 41 years old, tall, strong, good-looking and well-built. He is the most important person in the world to me, and I respect him more than I thought I could ever respect anyone. I respect him for the man he is, and the father he is. I respect him for his care and attention, and I respect him for his discipline.

I am a white male, age 25. I'm tall, blond, blue-eyed, hard worker etc. My "daddy" adopted me almost a year ago.

We live on a ranch in Texas, and my duties include almost everything that needs to be done, from shoeing horses, working cattle, harvesting, baling and stacking hay, tractor work and feeding livestock to cleaning the ranch house and cooking three meals a day for both of us. I haven't had a shirt on my back in almost a year. My "uniform" consists of one pair of jeans, one jock-strap, one belt, one pair of socks and one pair of boots. I must wear spurs on my boots every time I go outdoors, and often I wear chaps over my jeans. I must wash every item of my clothing every night, and I must polish my spurs and boots, along with my dad's. My jeans, bought new a year ago, are now old and faded with tears in both knees and they're nearly worn through in the butt, but dad says I'm lucky to have them. And he's right. All my belongings were loving gifts from him.

I am never allowed to wear any clothing whatsoever inside the house. I must tend to all household

for the following day.

But after a while, I hear him call me. I must report at once. It's usually time for "bed" or time for a shave. Dad shaves me at least once a week, more often two or three times. I must bend over and grab my ankles while he applies lather to my ass and crotch with a brush. He takes a straight razor and sharpens it on his strop (the strop I know so well) and slowly and carefully removes every trace of hair. And then he fucks me in the ass. Long, hard thrusts. When he comes he fills my guts with his cum, then he turns me over and jacks me off with his hand. It never takes very long for me to cum. Of course, afterwards, I must clean up all evidence with my tongue, first cleaning his hand, then every place else it went.

I sleep by his side, and I am there at any time during the night to handle any desire he may have during the night.

In the morning, I must rise before he does and wake him with coffee and breakfast in bed. If I oversleep like I did yesterday, dad orders me to the woodshed.

YESTERDAY:

It was not the first time I have overslept, and after the tanning Dad gave me last time, I swore to myself it would never happen again. But it did. Yesterday morning.

This is not meant to sound like an excuse. There is no excuse, and Dad knows that. But the night before, I was awakened in the middle of the night by my dad, wanting his huge cock serviced. I took him in my mouth, and caressed it lovingly with my teeth for a long time. Dad wanted to prolong his cumming for as long as he could and stood over me with his razor strop in his hand. Every time he thought he was about to cum, he would swing the strap hard across my bare ass. At that painful signal I would apply pressure with

efforts to remain awake failed and the next thing I knew, I heard the sound of Dad waking up on his own, to no coffee. Suddenly I felt the sheets ripped from over me. I felt dad's knee planted firmly in the small of my back. He raised his palm up high and brought it down HARD across my sore, tender ass. My eyes flew open as I responded to the re-kindled fire in my ass.

"Get up! NOW! You get dressed and get your ass out to the woodshed NOW!"

Dad was mad, and he had every right to be. I deserved what was coming to me. And, as sore and tender as my ass was from the night before, I prepared myself for the trip to the woodshed.

Dad disciplines me in many ways, but relies heavily on corporal punishment. He uses many different methods to keep me in line, including frequent hand spankings, his razor strop, belts and an occasional caning. They are all very painful to me, and therefore quite effective. These tearful sessions always occur outside the house. But when I really deserve a genuine hide-tanning, dad sees to it that I get it and that's when he orders me to the woodshed. Dad utilizes one other method of discipline, one that I dread the most and he knows it. The paddle. And he keeps his paddles in the woodshed.

Dad's hobby is making paddles, and he must have at least thirty or forty of them out there. Often I will hear his electric saw at work out there as I am doing my chores, fully knowing he is busy at work making a new board to bust my ass with. Sometimes he'll call out to me and make me enter the woodshed and bend over so he can place a new paddle to my ass to see how it "fits." Once he ordered me to grab my ankles and bend over, and made me hold that position for over an hour as he slowly and carefully selected various boards and scraps of old wood and held them to my ass to determine a good board to go to work on, never once swatting me. Then there are other times when I'll hear him call me in there so he can "test out" a new paddle or break one in. He gives me a hard swat with it, as hard as he can swing it, or send me out the door to get back to work, my mind and my hands on my burning backside. If he likes the sound of the lick, he keeps the paddle. If not, it goes in the trash barrel. I have come to recognize the "POP!" of a good lick from a good paddle, and I also know the "THUD!" or "WHOMP" of a loser. Not that the losers hurt any less, but dad wants every paddle in his collection to be perfect.

In addition to dad's ability to make good paddles,

chores in the nude, including cooking and cleaning and polishing. When dad comes in from outside after a hard day in the hot sun, first I greet him at the door, nude, and I take his hat and after dusting it off, I place it on his hook by the door. He usually sits down in his favorite chair while I fetch his beer. And it had better be cold! Then he usually orders me to get on my knees and polish his boots, which I do carefully and lovingly with my tongue. I must lick off every speck of dirt, mud, dust, and even cow shit. Top, sides and bottoms. I must be careful, however. If one, just one speck of dirt or shit is on the floor afterwards, I'll earn myself a trip to the woodshed. So I'm very careful to do a good job. If I do a good job, then dad rewards me by standing up and letting me touch and feel his big cock through his jeans. I direct my hands toward that big lump in his crotch and gently, ever so gently, touch and caress it through the heavy, starched material. Dad finds this very enjoyable, and sometimes if I've been good, he lets me open his fly with my teeth and as soon as his big dick plops out I am allowed to run my tongue up and down along the shaft until he is fully aroused. When that happens, I place my hands on my dad's firm butt and gently massage and rub his backside through his jeans. I know dad likes this, and at that point he usually spreads his feet apart and grabs me hard by the back of the head and pushes me into his crotch and I take him in my mouth and blow him just the way he likes it, all the while gently rubbing and caressing his butt.

Afterwards I swallow every drop—or else. I can almost always take it all, but sometimes, especially after a hot day in the saddle, he shoots real hard, and I spill some. He usually takes me over his knee on the spot and spansks me hard. For a long time, till my ass is red and glowing to his satisfaction.

After I fix him dinner (we eat together), I give him his bath. I enter the tub with him and wash every inch of his body, his hair, his crotch, his crack. I dry him off and wrap the towel around his waist. I blow-dry his beautiful hair and comb it into place. Sometimes he lays down on top of the bed and wants a rub down. I sit down on his butt and massage his sore aching muscles with rubbing alcohol followed by a light powder which I rub completely into the skin. Sometimes I rub his butt too (he spends many hours a day in the saddle) and it makes him feel good.

After that, he usually wants to be left alone for a while, to read or watch T.V. while I finish cleaning up after dinner and tend to my other chores. I enjoy the privacy too, and take my shower and clean my jeans



Photo by Joe Auman

my hand to the base of his shaft until the urge to shoot passed and he started to go soft. I would then harden him up again with my mouth. The procedure was repeated several times, and he was hard for a full two hours, when finally he exploded and filled my mouth with his sweet cum. I swallowed it—every drop—and he got back in bed and fell instantly to sleep. I had a harder time, unfortunately, as my ass was hot and red and burning from the strap. And I had a rock hard dick. (My dad doesn't allow me to beat off without his permission and I didn't dare wake him.) So I lay awake for a long time, my mind on the hot pain in my ass. As it got closer and closer to dawn, I became afraid to fall asleep, for fear I would not wake up on time. I do not use an alarm clock, for fear that it will disturb dad, and the threat of a trip to the woodshed is usually sufficient cause to rise automatically around dawn. My

he is also an artist when it comes to using them. As a youngster, I got paddled often in elementary school where the threat of a paddle was much worse than a lick itself. Later, in highschool, after puberty, I actually did things on purpose to earn a paddling, and there were some pretty mean swingers. One man in particular, a coach, gave me what was commonly to be the hardest lick in the school. He caught me a time or two and could give me a lick so hard it would bring tears to your eyes. But he was nothing next to dad. Dad believes in hard licks. Fiery licks. The kind I need. The kind I deserve.

Yesterday morning, after hearing dad's order to report to the woodshed, I slowly walked down to the kitchen, put on my jock strap, my jeans, and my belt. Dad likes me to be "fully dressed" for a paddling. I put on my chaps (open in the butt, of course) and fas-

tened my spurs to my boots. No shirt, of course

My dick was getting hard again, in anticipation of dad's discipline. I remember thinking how much those licks would hurt that day in particular, after the strop the night before. But I knew I deserved it. I went out the kitchen door and clanged my way in my spurs to the woodshed, out behind the house. I waited for dad, my heart pounding

A while later, I heard the screen door slam, and the sound of dad's heavy boots coming towards the shed. I stood there, staring at the dirt floor, my hands clasped in front of me as he walked in, slamming the door open and nearly throwing it off its hinges. He was mad, very mad, as he always is when a trip to the woodshed becomes necessary.

I was not sure what position he wanted me in. He either orders me to grab my ankles, my knees, or bend over the long workbench he keeps cleared for this purpose, depending on the size, weight and shape of the paddle he will use.

As I stood there, dad walked over to the wall and rolled up his sleeves, staring at the row of paddles. His eyes stopped on a two and a half foot long model, a good seven inches wide, at least ¾ of an inch thick with holes drilled in a grid across the face of it. He took it off the wall.

"BEND OVER AND GRAB YOUR ANKLES!"

I snapped to and did as I was told. I knew what that paddle felt like as I have felt it many times. It is one of his favorites. I spread my legs wide, as he has taught me to, and grabbed my ankles *hard*, underneath my chaps. I gripped the back of my spurs with both hands and held on tight as dad moved behind me, in a area with plenty of room to swing the big board. The handle was extra long, allowing for both his hands. He gripped it hard and its heavy length nearly reached the floor, as he took several practice swings through the air. Chills raced up and down my spine as I heard the sound of air whistling through the holes in the paddle as he swung it through the air. I knew that soon that board would crack across my butt and send fire racing deep into my ass. Dad started hollering at me giving me the lecture I deserved and explaining why I was to get my ass beat.

He placed the paddle to my ass and I felt the wood back there—the wood which was soon going to blister my ass. He planted his own boots firmly in the dirt and rubbed the paddle back and forth, hard, across my jeans. The sweat started to pour out of my forehead, and I took in dad's words. He told me how

butt. I winced in pain and I felt my head fly backward as the full impact of the heavy swat nearly lifted my boots off the floor.)

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"Two, Sir. Th- Thank you, Sir!" (The tears were flowing, I got what I wanted. Hard licks. My butt burned hotter than I ever thought possible as swat number two landed hard and solid on top of the first one.)

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"Three Sir. Thank you, Sir!"

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"F-Four Sir—"

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"Five, Sir. Tha—"

"K-A—W-H-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

It continued up to ten swats. The hardest he had ever given me. My crying was more like convulsions, my face blood red, as scarlet as my ass. I couldn't count them anymore, and dad realized that my punishment was complete. It was the worst paddling of my life.

As I stood there crying and flinching in pain, he gave the order to rise. As I did, my hands flew to my burning butt, and I frantically rubbed it as hard as I could.

But no amount of rubbing can put out a fire like that one. And once I stood up, I fully realized the full fiery impact of those ten licks. Even though dad had stopped hitting me, the pain in my ass grew hotter and hotter after he quit. I placed my hands flat against the worn, faded seat of my jeans and felt the heat radiate off my ass. My ass was a ball of fire from just above the tops of my thighs to my belt line. And completely from side to side. I walked stiffly around the woodshed, crying loudly and rubbing the seat of my pants, my spurs clanging and stirring up dust behind me.

Dad placed the paddle back on the wall and wiped the sweat off his forehead. My dick was hard and straining against my jeans and, as the fire continued to mount in my ass, the fire grew in my crotch. Dad unzipped his fly, and his big, throbbing dick plopped out oozing with pre-cum. He called me over to him, forcing my own hands off my blazing backside. He placed both his hands on my ass, feeling the heat through my jeans, and noticing the sweat mark that ran down my crack.

"NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL. I FIGURED TEN GOOD LICKS WOULD WARM YOUR ASS UP GOOD."

He reached around in front of me, unbuckled my

"Yes, Sir."

He unfastened his chaps and jeans and stepped out of them, removed his shirt and kept only his boots and spurs on. My jeans and chaps were still down around my ankles.

I worked hard at keeping a firm grip on that grease, which wasn't easy with a sore, red ass. He walked around in back of me, threw his big arms around my waist, and shoved his mighty dick into me with one giant thrust.

It went in easily, because of the giant lube job, but the large length and girth of it forced that grease further and further up into me. He fucked me hard, and each thrust sent the solid matter crashing into my prostate causing my already throbbing erection to get angry and red. Without laying a hand on my penis I shot the load of my life. It cleared the workbench entirely, and hit the wall at eye level, spraying cum all over a number of dad's prized paddles. I knew that dad would be really pissed off, first at me having an ejaculation without his permission. But I didn't know what he would do to me for spraying his paddles with my illegal cum. But that fact, I must confess, did not stop me from enjoying the most satisfying, and the most messy, orgasm of my 25 years. Dad continued pumping me harder and harder, and I winced each time his massive body slapped up against my tender butt. When I felt him tighten, he grabbed me in a tight hammer lock and filled me with load after load of his sweet cum.

He released me and spoke his first kind words to me.

"Mike, get yourself cleaned up, son."

He hadn't seen the paddles! I figured I could come back later and clean things up. I went into the house barely making it to the toilet and exploded into it. I cleaned myself up and once again put my clothes back on, my ass still burning from the licks.

I wish the story ended there, but there's more.

I crept into the woodshed, intending to clean up my mess before dad discovered it. When I entered, there he was, fully clothed, his hands on his hips, waiting for me, staring at his paddles dripping with my cum. The sight of him startled me, and my first impulse was to turn around to see what he was looking at, as if I didn't know!

As soon as I turned around, dad took a step backward and drew his leg back and, with all his force, planted his right boot across my butt hard, in a mighty kick that sent me to the floor.

Dad took each paddle that was affected, seven in

disappointed he was in me for failing to serve him properly. How wilful I was, how stupid I was, and how much I needed to be taught a good lesson. He was right and I knew it. I was stupid. I wanted to be taught a lesson. I needed him to teach me to behave and please him. I hated the fact that I had disappointed him. I wanted him to hit me. Hard. Harder than he had every hit me in his life.

As he rubbed the board back and forth across the seat of my jeans, he shouted, "YOU'RE GONNA GET IT SON. YOU'RE GONNA GET WHAT YOU DESERVE! YOU'RE GONNA GET THIS BOARD ACROSS YOUR BUTT, AND YOU'RE GONNA GET IT HARD! THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT KIND OF TUNE YOU SING."

He kept rubbing the paddle against me.

"YOU FEEL THIS BOARD, SON? YOU FEEL THAT? THAT'S THE BOARD THAT'S GONNA BUST YOUR ASS! BUST IT GOOD! 'CAUSE I'M GONNA TAKE THIS BOARD IN MY HANDS, AND I'M GONNA SWING IT AS HARD AS I CAN, AND THIS BOARD IS GONNA LAND SO HARD AND SOLID AGAINST YOUR BUTT THAT YOU'LL SWEAR YOU'RE SITTING BARE-ASSED ON A HOT GRIDDLE! AND YOUR ASS IS GONNA BURN LIKE IT'S NEVER BURNED BEFORE THEN YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO THEN, SON? I'M GONNA TAKE IT AND I'M GONNA HIT YOU AGAIN, AND I'M GONNA FLATTEN YOUR ASS AGAIN, BUT FIRST YOU'RE GONNA THANK ME FOR THE FIRST ONE, YOU UNDERSTAND, SON?"

"Y-yes, Sir." I was already crying, just at the threat of being licked like that. But I had disappointed him and I deserved it. I wanted it. I remember thinking, Please dad, swat my ass. Swat it hard. As hard as you can. I deserve it. Make it burn. Burn. Like it's never burned before!

"YOU UNDERSTAND, SON?"

"Yes, Sir."

"WHAT?"

"YES, SIR!"

"COUNT 'EM OUT!"

"YES, SIR!"

The rubbing stopped. Dad firmed his stance and gripped the paddle hard by its long handle. I clenched my teeth as I felt it lifted away. Then I heard the sound of air whistling through the holes as he grunted and swung it, throwing every ounce of weight he had and the full weight of his body into the swat.

"K-A-W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

One, Sir, Thank you Sir!" (My ass exploded as the paddle hit home, sending a fire burning across my

chaps and jeans and forced them down around my thighs where the chaps were tied with cord. I felt him slowly peel away my sweaty jock strap down from around my waist, and the cup of the strap was oozing with my pre-cum. My dick popped out at full attention, I guess in grateful approval of his heavy handed discipline. Dad got down on one knee and more closely examined my red hot, sweaty ass, beet red from the beating he had just given me. He grabbed my dick and bails in his left hand and ran his tight hand back and forth across both swollen, red, hot cheeks, feeling the heat from his licking on his hard, calloused hand. My ass continued to burn, but dad's hand felt good back there, massaging and kneading my bruised and blistered butt, as I continued to cry softly.

The next thing I knew, dad threw me over the workbench, my ass up. I knew what was coming next. Among his many paddles, dad has some other items out there, and I saw him reach for the grease gun. It is a real grease gun, the kind you buy in a hardware shop, only dad keeps his filled with Crisco. It's over a foot long, with a four-inch pointed metal tip and a syringe-type action and trigger. After pumping the gun with air, gentle pressure and releasing the trigger forces the grease through the pointed tip. Dad has several of these, for different purposes.

After checking that his gun was "loaded" with plenty of Crisco, dad parted the cheeks of my ass with his thumb and forefinger and slowly inserted the metal tip in my ass. He applied pressure with his forearm to the back of the gun and soon I felt the warm, gooey grease force its way inside me. Dad increased the pressure and more of the stuff slid into me, filling me up like a warm, gooey, solid enema. I had to clench my teeth to keep from shitting it out, as the grease found no place else to go. The gun was more than half empty, as dad really leaned on that gun. I fought it for a few seconds, then suddenly the full remainder of the liquid entered me in one thrust.

I clenched my butt muscles shut tight as dad removed the tip, and the urge to shit passed as I made a home for the grease.

Dad put the gun down.

"NOW I'M GONNA FUCK ME A HOT ASS!"

He unbuckled his belt and pulled it through the loops of his jeans in one mighty yank, doubled it over in his hand and shouted, "YOU SEE THIS BELT, SON? IF YOU LET GO OF ONE DROP OF THAT GREASE—ONE DROP! I'M GONNA BLISTER YOUR ASS SOME MORE WITH MY BELT! YOU UNDERSTAND?"

all, and placed them side by side on the floor of the shed. He stood over me with a clean paddle as I carefully cleaned each paddle with my tongue, removing the cum. He made sure my ass was up in the air and, if he thought I missed a spot, he brought the paddle down in a downswing to my upturned ass. I was not allowed to touch the paddles, only with my tongue.

When I finished cleaning the first paddle, he picked it up off the floor, turned it over, and inspected it thoroughly for cleanliness.

"IT LOOKS ALL RIGHT, BUT I'D BETTER TEST IT OUT."

I spread my knees and bent forward with the palms of my hands flat on the floor.

"K-A-W-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K!"

"Good as new!"

The procedure was repeated six more times, with several paddles failing dad's inspection as well as his "test." I worked my tongue across the paddles, in and out of holes, cleaning them as best I could with a mixture of spit and tears. Many hours and many licks later, dad was satisfied that his paddles were clean and that I had been adequately punished.

After it was all over, dad hugged me with all his might and last night he rubbed first aid cream into my blistered, bruised ass. It was then that he told me that as further punishment, I must write this letter to you, with the added threat that if the letter is not to his satisfaction (in addition to a re-write) I can expect a trip to the woodshed tomorrow.

Dad, I have done the best job I can do. I know there are some spelling mistakes, and I don't really know how to type, but I hope you will overlook these and be proud of me again. I hope that in writing this letter to Mr. Payne that I have pleased you and that you are proud of me and that you won't paddle me tomorrow.

I am very sorry for the oversleeping yesterday, and I am very sorry for the mess I made in the woodshed. I thank you for using the paddle on me yesterday. I deserved it. I hope you can forgive me for making it necessary for you to take me to the woodshed, and that I can once again make you proud of me. I learned my lesson, and from now on I am going to work even harder to be a good son. I am going to wake up every morning on time, fix you a good breakfast, and make you proud of me. Because of all the dad's in the whole world, my dad's the greatest.

Your loving son,
Mike

FORESKIN UPDATE

THE MAIL KEEPS POURING IN CONCERNING TO CUT OR NOT TO CUT IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY OR TO ASK, WRITE **BUD BERKELEY** c/o DRUMMER. PHOTOS OF WHATEVER YOU HAVE BETWEEN YOUR LEGS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME, TOO

Dear Mr. Berkeley,

My foreskin is beautiful. It is long with 1/2 inch overhang that tapers down to an elegant pointed rosette and it barely outlines the contours of my glans with smooth veinless, unblemished skin. My problem is that since reading your stuff in *Drummer* my cut roommate has been using your stretching techniques on my skin. Is he going to stretch it out of shape? Will my foreskin get all flabby and folded and blemished? The fucker wants more skin to chew on, but if it is going to cause my foreskin to get ugly, he can keep his teeth to himself!

Dear Beautiful,

Stop worrying! Used within the bounds of reason and moderation, foreskin stretching should only enhance the beauty of your skin... and what a beauty it must be! Like all other parts of your body, your foreskin is built for action. With increased use it will grow to its own particular limits of expansion and with less use it will shrink back, just like your biceps. Your prepuce will always keep its innate shape... which is unique to you. If your roommate gets it too stretched for your taste tell him to lay off for a few nights and it will return to its desired state of innocent beauty. I must add something here in defense of your hot roommate... no matter how beautiful you and your skin might be, neither of you are there merely to be looked at. Let him chew!

Dear Mr. Berkeley,

I am a gay male in my early twenties and I resent my circumcision. I was amazed to read in *Drummer* that other men, also circumcised at birth, feel as I do. I think that the uncircumcised man is the "real man." I think that the uncircumcised man has a more relaxed personality, he seems to take his sex more for granted and with less stress. Do you agree?

Dear Stress,

Whoa! Hey, YOU are a REAL MAN and don't forget it! What more proof of real manhood do you need than that piece of meat you've got between your legs? It shoots, doesn't it? I don't mean

to be insensitive to your question. I received a lot of letters from circumcised men saying that my article made them feel "castrated." Damned, I meant to do the opposite (with my description of modern circumcision methods)! The castration complex is very common among American males, and I detect a twinge of castration anxiety in your questions. Whether routine circumcision has contributed to our mass castration hysteria has been hotly debated by "experts." Remember my referral to the secret CIA report? All our enemies have known how to break down an American's resistance... strip him naked. I have had a lot of mail from fellows who, like you, feel less of a man because a part of their penis has been removed. On the other hand, I have received loads of letters from uncut men who feel they cannot be "real men" until they are circumcised (see next letter). Victoriana has zapped us all, friend! Don't worry about it, it's almost normal. I'd say a foreskin restoration might be worth your time and effort. Anyway, what is all this American "real man" bullshit about? If your meat is stiff and it is giving pleasure to your partner... WOW, what more do you want from a REAL MAN?

Dear Buddy Bud,

I feel I can tell you a secret. I want to get circumcised. I dig having foreskin, but the prospect of having it cut off drives me wild! Just reading the word "circumcision" gives me an erection. Reading your article made my uncut cock stand up like a pole. I can't explain myself. It's a love-hate fascination. I met this big dude at the baths who turned onto my skin something fierce. We exchanged numbers and I went to his place. He said, "I know what you really want!" He tied me down and started to swat and manhandle my uncut dick and yelled, "I hate skinheads!" I became putty in his paws as he gave me hell for having skin on my dick, calling me a filthy punk and things like that. He stretched out my skin real wide and clamped it with clothes pins, hot waxed it and things like that and then he turned really mean and shouted, "I'm going to

rip that skin off your meat!" My poor dick was rock hard and, after a little amy!, I began shouting, "Rip it off! Rip it off!" Am I crazy? Someday I'll end up circumcised. Why? Do I really want to be punished for having skin? Is it pure masochism? Or, do I see myself as a virgin (as you wrote in *Drummer*) waiting to go "all the way" and become a man?

Dear Virgin,

Ok! A lot to think about here. Important, too! First, while I am totally against infant circumcision I feel that an adult has a right to get circumcised if that is what he wants. So, buddy, I am not critical... I understand. I'm glad your foreskin survived that scene, though... it sounded exciting and I'm sure you want repeats. Right? No skin... no repeats! Right? You are not crazy. A little extreme, but not crazy. As we both experienced, growing up in America uncut boys live with the threat of circumcision via peer pressure, etc., and with all the talk about filth (smegma) it's no wonder some of us develop guilt complexes. We deserve to be punished... at least in fantasy. Fantasies sometime come true and I'm afraid you are headed for "what you really want." Why? Will it be punishment, masochism or "becoming a man?" All three urges take part in our desires for circumcision... and to circumcise. Here are some examples:

Punishment One man wrote, "I was circumcised at a Texas prison farm as punishment for an escape attempt." While I have not verified his claim as yet, I did verify (by personal inspection) the following claim. "The bastards chopped off my skin in the back of the van when they caught me hitch-hiking to Mexico to get out of the drug deal. It didn't hurt so bad because first they filled my belly with beer. Now I am trying to find a doctor who can clean up my lousy scars and won't ask questions." Drug connections verified as did his scars... they couldn't have resulted from a professional clip job. And, lastly, this from the *Chicago Trib* (January 23, 1977): A case was thrown out of court when the defendant told the judge that he admitted his guilt after "A police officer said

he was goin' to circumcise me."

S/M Foreskins can take more hard action than most people realize, but I did hear from one guy whose foreskin did not survive a scene similar to the one you enjoyed. It ripped. Doctors subsequently had to go "all the way" with him. He now misses his foreskin but claims he enjoys having to work harder on his cut cock because it is the result of his "ultimate masochistic fulfillment." And, speaking of fulfillments (this one being sadistic), Dr. Dietz, Chief Medical Officer of the East German Police, "inspired" a law (about a decade ago) requiring all police cadets and officers to be circumcised. He designed a special tool to insure a custom job, the gadget was a bone forceps designed to crush the foreskin before excising. Ouch! Presumably, he himself went through every foreskin on the force. Verification from East Germany has not been possible, but the facts come from more than one reliable European source. Whether he is still at it I don't know, but if he is there is one thing for sure... for every cadet entering that organization there is a foreskin destined for the bone forceps. Ouch.

Virgins, Here we have it! This might be the base-root of mankind's propensity

for circumcision. According to psychologists Karen Erickson Paige and Jeffery Paige (*The Politics of Reproductive Ritual*, Univ. of Calif. Press, 1981), the Egyptian Nubians use the same word for "circumciser" and "bridegroom," the same word for "circumcisee" and "bride" and their word for circumcision rite translates to "The Big Wedding." Furthermore, the Hebrew words for "bridegroom," "father-in-law" and "brother-in-law" all come from the same root, "hatan," which means in Islamic, "to circumcise."

Well, buddy, if you want to become a "bride" that is your business. Enjoy the Big Wedding. First, though, why don't you spread your skin around town a little longer because, don't forget, it'll be your last "wedding."

Dear Bud

Your article made me aware of foreskin for the first time. I am cut and so are all my friends. I suppose I've swung on uncut dicks before but I didn't give it much thought. During the past few weeks I've made it with three uncuts. I wanted to experiment with them to learn how they like their blow jobs. They were all different and now I am confused. Just how do uncut men like to be

sucked off? Do they want the skin forward or pushed back?

Dear Aware

Thanks for caring! If you think you are confused about oral techniques on uncut cocks, so are many uncuts. One of the major problems for uncuts in this country is that too many people haven't learned how to handle them. Well, we're learning fast! Forward or back? Generally, tight foreskins or foreskins which closely adhere to the glans and have moist, wet glans which are dark pink and very smooth... foreskin forward. Loose foreskins which cover relatively dry glans which are not necessarily smooth-surfaced and of lighter pink coloring... foreskins back, or else "lipped" back and forth up and down the penis making sure that the skin clears the head on the way down and covers it on the way back up. These guys often need a longer stroke than most, but not necessarily a gentle one. Contrary to common notion that all uncuts have super-sensitive glans which explode on contact, men with loose foreskins often have glans as "insensitive" as those on cut men... sometimes even more so. Super-sensitive glans prefer a shorter stroke, skin action



directly on the head. Different strokes, for sure. And, if you are not in a hurry, most uncuts dig forepaw with tongue under skin, teeth nibbling tip Hmmm!

Dear Mr. Berkeley.

You did a great job pointing out the fact that our routine circumcision is the result of Victorian anti-masturbation hysteria. Such nonsense! But certainly other countries were infected by the myth besides the English Speaking ones. Did any one else start circumcising during that period?

Dear Nonsense,

Yes. Well, almost. In 1861 the French government considered a proposal requiring circumcision of all military recruits. In 1889 the German government considered the same proposal. In 1870 France again considered universal circumcision for all Frenchmen, this time lowering the requirement age to 10-12 years old. Anti-masturbation was behind all three proposals, although the elite military families in both nations had long since practiced circumcision as did the British aristocracy. All three proposals narrowly missed adoption. Unlike England, these more Romantic countries ruled out infant circumcision because it could not guarantee aesthetic results. Arguments over the most advantageous age at which a penis could be trimmed bogged down and finally defeated the measures. The French have such pretty penises!

Dear Bud,

I am curious about smegma, being a dedicated cheese hound. Being cut myself, I have no idea how it is produced... but oh that aroma! What is it?

Dear Hound,

Contrary to the common misconception that smegma is dirt, or pollutant, such as trapped urine, pre-cum fluid and jism, it is not. Even the shortest foreskin, which couldn't trap anything, produces smegma. So do some partially-circumcised men as do men with newly-constructed foreskins. If the glans-corona is covered with skin you are going to find smegma. Frankly, I don't know how the concoction is brewed. The foreskin itself has moisturizing glands as well as three vital sensory nerve receptors; the tactile corpuscles of Meissner, the underskin bulbs of Milne and the Pacinian corpuscles which are deep in the skin. How these items contribute to the product remains a mystery. Apparently, the major contributors to smegma are those glands which circle the corona. You've seen cocks with ridges covered with promi-

nent circles... those are the glands we are looking for. We all have them. Of course, when the corona is deprived of its cover, these glands are wasting their time... for better or for worse. By the way, hound, judging from the following letter you are in the company of Saints.

Dear Mr. Berkeley,

I am a student of pagan religion and found your reference to phallicism interesting. But the subject requires volumes! As far as modern religions go, how else has phallicism been expressed besides in circumcision, the wedding ring, etc.?

Dear Student,

Volumes is right! Where do we start? Well, in the context of our subject matter let's take this goody from Felix Bryke (*The History of Circumcision*, 1930): "Divine Circumcision is intimately connected with one of the most remarkable phases of the Veneration of relics in the Roman Church: that of the holy prepuce of Christ." When the worship of relics was in full bloom (middle ages), the question was heard: what really happened to the holy foreskin of Christ? Where is it being kept? Holy legend had it that the Holy Mother had carried the foreskin of her Son about her all her life as a precious jewel. Swedish saint Brigitta confirmed that the Madonna entrusted this treasure to Saint John, who left it to the apostles, who left it to their successors. By the sixteenth century, more than twelve abbeys claimed to hold The Holy Prepuce. At Charroux, The Foreskin was set in silver and shown to pregnant women in order that their period be less painful. Evidently, the blissful, wonderful odor of The Prepuce had therapeutic value for the female sex. A queen of Sicily, who suffered from an incurable disease, made a pilgrimage to one of the abbeys and, after taking a whiff, returned healed. Church fathers began to doubt the authenticity of these Holy Foreskins and a scholastic debate ensued: Has Christ a foreskin in Heaven, or has he not? It was decided he had not, since he didn't keep his cut hair, nails and umbilical cord. Thus it was decided, those people who repressed circumcision on Earth must be circumcised in Heaven if they are to be equal to Christ on the Judgement Day. Uncircumcised people became obsessed with the idea of circumcision and The Holy Prepuce. Low-Austrian Saint Agnes of Blannbekin annually "materialized" the Holy Prepuce and with great compassion did (on Jan 1, the Feast of the Circumcision) swallow it. Bryke quotes from a "rare work" to describe the scene: "Now she feels the membrane, like the membrane of an

egg, full of superabundant sweetness, and she swallowed it down... so sweet was the sweetness at the swallowing of this membrane that she felt a sweet transformation in all her members." I'll bet!

Dear Bud

How in hell did some fellows escape the knife? I have always wondered about that. I am often surprised to see some blue-eyed blonde wasp-type in the showers with a full foreskin dangling on his dick. I don't consider myself a foreskin nut, but I always check out dicks at public places to see if they are uncut. I don't know why I get a charge when I spot a skin. If I had enough guts I'd ask some of these dudes how they lucked out. Do you have an answer?

Dear Nut,

Yes, it is true, you can find foreskin in the most unlikely places. On the membership application for the Uncircumcised Society of America we asked the question, "If you are uncut why haven't you been circumcised?" Many applicants didn't know how they "lucked out," but most had the answers. Here they are in order of occurrence: 1. Born premature or with other birthing difficulties. 2. Parents of European origin or Latin American background. 3. Family doctor didn't believe in circumcision. 4. Father's decision. Father either uncut and wanted junior to "look like" him, or else father was cut and resented his own circumcision. 5. Rural born or family too poor for hospital birth. Old country doctor didn't own circumcision clamp. 6. Older brother died from circumcision complications (yes, this was reported too often!), or else older brother yelled so loud it disturbed his parents. One nice thing about little tiny tots is that they often grow up to be big, bulky hunks... with foreskin. □

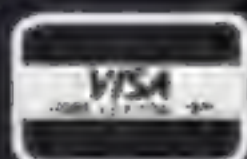


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